The Slate!®

MAY '03 NO 24 FREE LIKE IRAQ

'Ring Me Now!'

MICKEY JOE HARTE'S MOBILE NUMBER IS 086 406 9542 CALL QUICKLY BEFORE HE FINDS OUT WE HAVE IT

'Shit On My Face!'

HOW TO DROP A LOG ON THIS MAN'S MUG

'Wreck Our Fan's Wedding!'

UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY TO CAUSE TROUBLE FOR THE FOUR FOOLS. SEE INSIDE FOR DETAILS

Special **CELEB ATTACK** Issue

Issue No. 24 May 2003

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Dublin's snottiest shop workers ... 12

We expose the snooty shites who make customers feel as welcome as a SARS suspect in Wacko Jacko's oxygen tent.

HAVE YOUR OWN ILLEGAL PARTY ... 9

Some know-how you'll need to outwit the cops while running a rave

Diary of a J1 savage ... 11

Every summer, the fine students of Ireland head for Amerikay to spend a few months bring shame on our country. One of these charming youths has agreed to write a column for The Slate

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DISTRIBUTOR: Carl Lewis COVER: Gav Beattie

There are those who participate and then there are fat men who give live commentary from the side of the dancefloor.

Subscription Compo

The first person to ring our office and shout "PJ Stone is a fucking bollox" into the phone will get a free subscription to The Slate. Leave it on the answering machine if there's no reply. Everyone else has to pay.

The prices are as follows: Ireland €23, Europe €28, and everywhere else €33.

Send a cheque or a postal order with your name and address to The Slate, PO Box 8907, Dublin 2.

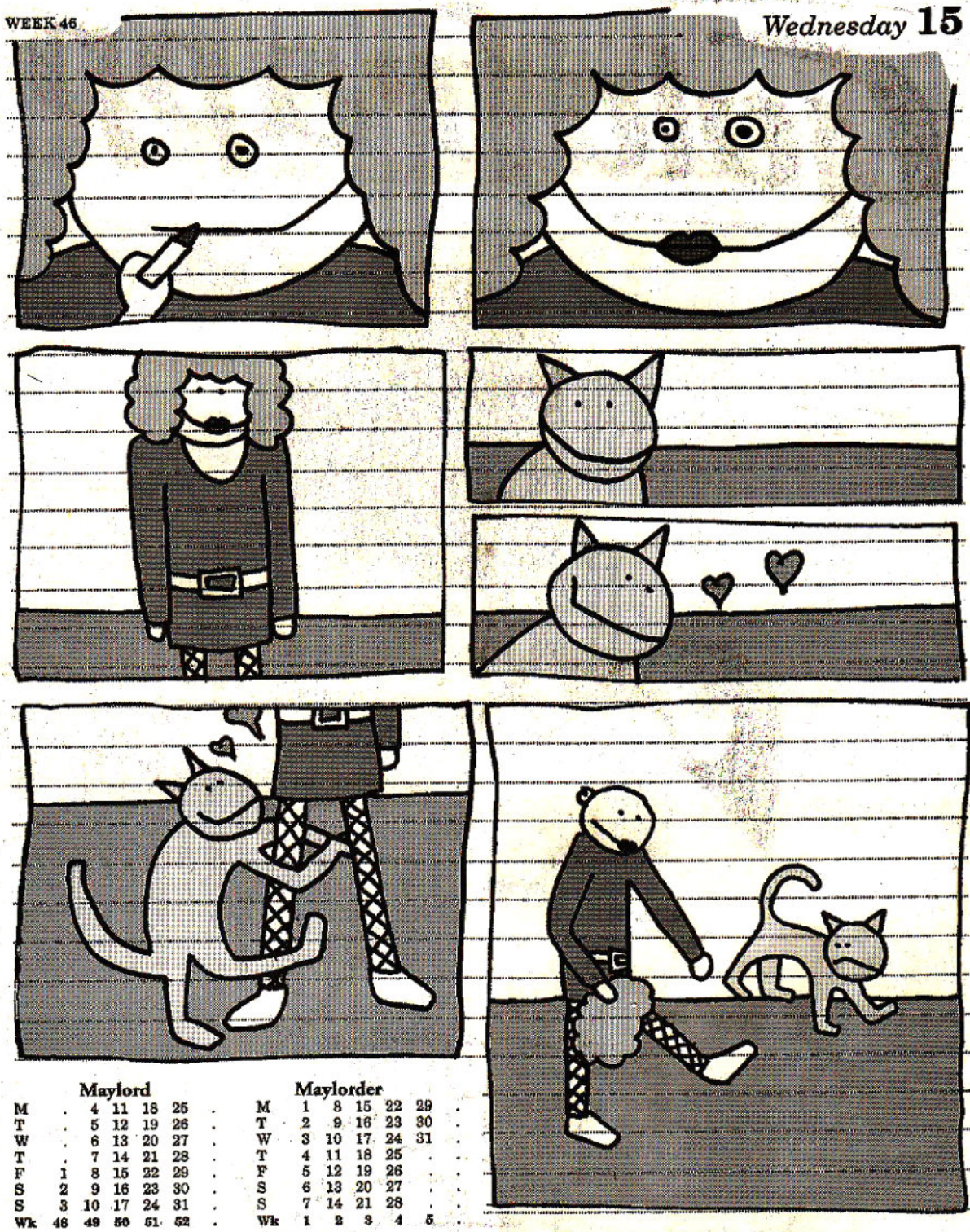
Give us your email address in case there are any problems. Email admin@theslate.ie for further info.

kick the cat

gav beattie

WEEK 46

Wednesday **15**



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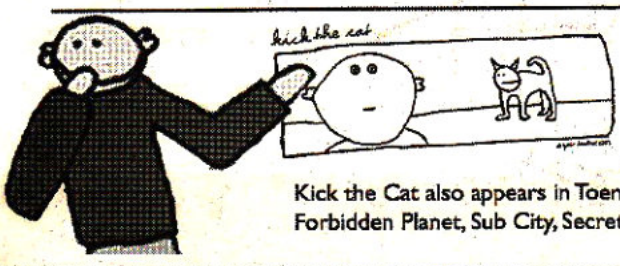


NEW! EXCLUSIVE! EXCITING! EXCITING! NEW!

New, exciting, exclusive and new design available mid May from The Record Store, 15A Wicklow Street and from gavbeattie@bigifpublications.com Exciting, new.

Kick the Cat also appears in Toenail Clippings, a wizard show comic that you can lift from Tower, Forbidden Planet, Sub City, Secret Book & Record Store or online at **www.bigifpublications.com**

local news

Jordan hits Ranelagh

Globes on show as she launches Il Mondo

Posh Dublin 6 was all abuzz when glamour model Jordan jetted in last month, tits and all, to open a classy local nightclub. However the owners of Il Mondo (yes, that's what it is called) must have been on the verge of asking for a refund when they met their famous guest at the airport. To their chagrin, the clothes Jordan had selected for the day completely failed to display even half a pound of her famous breast flesh. Luckily, the situation was rectified later, when the lovely lady got down to business on a stripper's pole and started flashing her barely-covered crotch to the foaming assembly of bouncers and journalists.

The post-launch gurn

Come all ye stoner dogs

Getting mushy in the Bushy

THE CIA are organising a day of wanton joint smoking in Bushy Park this month. Needless to say, it's not the yank security organisation who go around South America torturing grannies that have arranged this drugs picnic. It's the Cannabis Ireland Alliance - a militant group of stoners who are campaigning for the "re-legalisation" of cannabis in Ireland.

J Day takes place on Saturday May 3rd in the 'amphitheatre' of the aforementioned Bushy Park (it's in Terenure - on the southside). The event starts at 2pm, and is basically an invitation for anyone who wants to turn up, get stoned, play football and bang away unmusically on guitars and bongos. For directions, info on buses, and other honty-related issues, check out the CIA website at www.cannabisireland.com.

Interesting facts from the CIA website about how much time the cops waste on policing hash offences (fuck knows if they are actually true)

- 68% of all Garda drug cases are for cannabis
- Only 9% are heroin
- 43% of all these proceedings are taken against people under 21 years old
- Over 50% are against people under 25
- 80% of all drug offences are for possession - compared to 17% for supply*

Deadly Poisons

*According to the CIA, these facts come from the Year 2001 Crime Statistics Liveline, RTE Radio 1

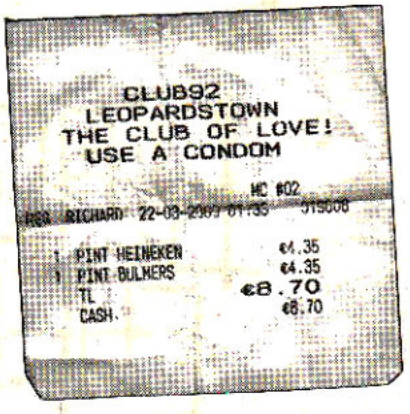
TIVOLI IN WORLD OF SHIT

Is the Francis Street Barn heading for the bin?

Things are looking grim for Dublin's most unsuitable dance club. A shaky April saw the Tivoli run out of beer for two weeks in a row, and then mysteriously fail to open the following two weeks. Part of the problem may have been that the owners - Influx and Peter May - are being chased for money by more or less everyone in Dublin, and things weren't helped by promoters pulling gigs out of the place like hot snots. Then, suddenly, the venue reopened on the last Friday of April, and now wild promises are being tossed around to that effect that, not only will the Tivoli remain open - it is about to be fully kitted out with a VIP roof garden and a whole host of other shite. Anyway, either some sugar daddy has jumped on board, or these are the brave words of the dying.

Joyous scenes from last year's Tivoli launch night

NITECLUB RECEIPT OF THE MONTH: CLUB 92, LEOPARDSTOWN



Join The Slate Mailing list

Every week or so we mail people ideas we're thinking about putting in the magazine and they get back with suggestions etc. Anybody can join except for Caroline Corr, so get your holes in action by sending an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

May Highlights

Thurs 1: Mayday

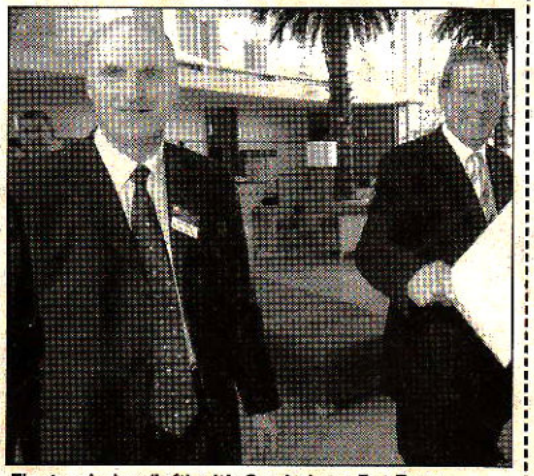
In medieval times this feast was marked by peasants having a few drinks and letting off fireworks. Nowadays, around this time middle class youths run around smashing up McDonalds, throwing firebombs and get shot by the police. Things are moving forward nicely.

Fri 2 - Sun 4: Bray Jazz

People usually only end up in Bray when they fall asleep on the Dart and miss their stop. So the town has arranged this jazz festival in a desperate attempt to attract more visitors. Check out www.brayjazz.com if you're bothered.

More Garda Malarkey

All the fun from last month's meeting of the Association of Garda Sergeants and Inspectors



Electronic Joe (left) with Garda boss Pat Byrne

THIS GALWAY pig convention was a marvelous success, with top brass cops getting together and having a great paranoid whine about their unfortunate lot in life. All the usual complaints were being bandied about - how their computers are too difficult to operate, why potential criminals should rot in jail forever, etc etc.

However, what really marked out this meeting of the Association of Garda Sergeants and Inspectors were the sensible suggestions put forward in relation to tackling crime.

One particular pig - Joe Dirwan, the president of the AGSI, no less - stood up and made a speech which was distinguished by its forward-thinking and humanitarian genius.

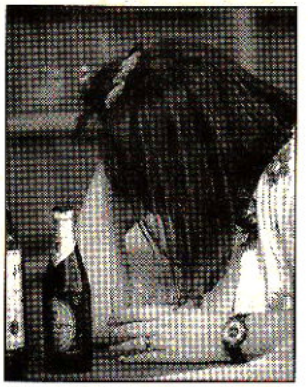
This Sophocles-in-Blue wants to have electronic tags surgically inserted into criminals to make the job of a Garda as easy as possible.

Furthermore, he showed a good insight into the practicalities of this system, claiming it could be used to monitor the heartbeat and blood pressure of paedophiles. "This," said the modern-day Aristotle "could ensure that sexual offenders are kept away from schools and playgrounds ... alerting the gardai when and to where an attack is imminent."

What a genius this man is. Every time a sex-beast's toaster pops up and gives him a fright, the boys in blue will be barging down his door like Keystone Cops, leaving Grafton Street unmonitored so that drink-inspired acts of savagery can be perpetrated with gay abandon.

Anti-booze hounds on the loose

'No more drink' hysteria reaches epidemic levels



Someone save me from these Crazy Crusaders

A WHOLE load of politicians lost the run of themselves last month and started carrying on as if they had drunk whiskey for breakfast every morning. At the heel of the hunt was mad Michael McDowell, who proved that he is in tune with popular culture from five years ago by informing PD members that "we live in a world where, with the Ibiza Uncovered syndrome, there's a youth culture being sold on television that it's cool to get pissed and get laid." Anti-sex McDowell then promised to stamp out this shameless culture which is based on people enjoying themselves.

Then Uachtaran na hEireann, Mary McAleese herself jumped on board this buffoon's bandwagon. "Too many young people make a connection between fun and alcohol, socialising and drugs," she said - oblivious to the fact that she is the head of a State where it is impossible to have a good time unless you are completely braindead with narcotics or drink.

There was the usual bleating from the opposition, with Fine Gael and Labour desperately trying to prove that they were just as tough on drugs, crime and booze as Big Mac McDowell.

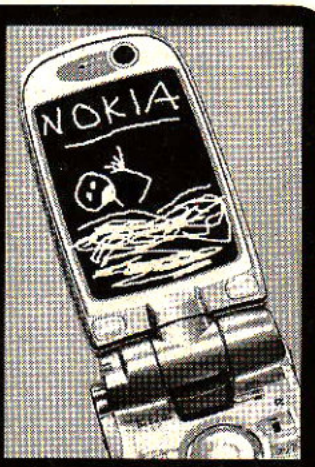
Then, as if all these politicians trying to wreck our lives wasn't bad enough, some mad Yank academic came along and claimed we should follow the lead of his wonderful country by banning alcohol for everyone under 21. The same proposal was put forward by Fine Gael's John Deasy a few weeks ago, and it soon became clear that Professor David Shaffer is just as crazy as the Fine Gael frontbencher.

Claiming that booze was making young people commit suicide, he also mysteriously announced that "the secularisation of Ireland" was causing the youth to do themselves in.

In the wake of this onslaught, it was nice to see our youth leaders abandon their peers and side with the boring politicians. Useless USI boss Colm Jordan forgot that nobody is interested in his opinion and told some bored journalist that "it is up to organisations like ourselves to highlight the darker side of alcohol."

Anyway, The Slate says that it is every reader's duty to defy this rubbish and drink as if your lives depended on it.

SENSATIONAL LIFFEY JUMP COMPETITION



We have a splendid new Nokia camera phone to give away to our bravest reader. To prove you are the most deserving Slate fan, email us a picture of yourself swimming around in the Liffey (the part that runs through the city centre, now - no cheating). If you die in the attempt, it's your fault for jumping into the foulest excuse for a river just to get a measly piece of faulty gadgetry.

Sat 3: Press Freedom Day

Takes place in the US. This is a good one, particularly after the American army refused to let the media cover anti-yank protests in Iraq last month. USA - please liberate us next.

Mon 5th: Reclaim The Streets

One of the few Bank Holidays we have in Ireland. Reclaim the Streets kicks off at 2.30 at the GPO. Bring lots of things to make noise with to annoy motorists. There is also a 'Critical Mass' bike ride meeting at 1.30 at the Garden of Remembrence at the top of O' Connell St

RESISTANCE IS FUTILE

Lefties in shock after sellout blunder

Congratulations to Globalise Resistance - a collection of shouty, lefty types who hang around at demonstrations trying to look important. Yes, well done indeed to the GR crew, who have done their bit to spread the dirty messages of golbal capitalism. The World is not for sale, they claim in their logo, but it appears that their emails are.

Roll up, roll up. Principles for sale.

A couple of times a month, GR send out an e-bulletin which details important aspects of their movement: how to make bad banners, when the next day of inaction is taking place, how to buy an extra-crackly mega-phone, etc.

However, the best part of these revolutionary missives can be found at the top. These Che Guevaras have got into bed with dirty internet giants yahoo, who supply their mail service free of charge in exchange for having an ad for a multi-national corporation plastered onto the emails. Vive la revolution!

Work Experience

We need people to come in and be our slaves for a day or two per week over the summer. Email editor@theslate.ie if you're interested. No coffee-making or photocopying involved, unless you are particularly useless.

Photos by Lee Gallagher

Run your own illegal party

Jesus and his apostles often turn up at these events

SUMMER'S HERE, so it's time to stop hanging around in nightclubs that have piss dripping from the ceiling and head to some outdoor parties. If you're thinking about organising one yourself, the obvious worry is: what if a vanload of the filth arrive and start causing hassle? Here are some tips which will help minimise the risks.

Be at one with nature thanks to the fresh air and a gullet full of Es

Location
A place that doesn't disturb local rednecks, other human life forms or farmers' cattle is less likely to attract trouble. Cleaning up afterwards means that busybodies won't render spots off limits for future parties by writing to their provincial paper and complaining about dirty drug addicts ruining the countryside.

Noise
Any party runs a risk of breaking noise pollution laws, breaching the peace, or breaking the Public Order Act (any gathering deemed threatening by the Gardai falls under this act, so if you want to keep the party going, try and make sure that punters don't start abusing the Gardai en masse). Try convincing the Boyz in Blue that hundreds of wasted people roaming the countryside would cause more trouble than the noise, and turning the volume down would be sufficient. Gathering on public land is not a crime in itself.

We're how far from the nearest bus?

Private Land
If you don't have the permission of the owner then you can be charged with trespass. If you do and any drugs are found at the party, then the owner can be charged with allowing the use of drugs on their property.

Drugs
Obviously, these can get you in the shit. Some party locations have been road-blocked and all cars heading towards them searched. Also - if caught with drugs, say they're for personal use. If you say they are for your mates, you can be done for possession with intent to supply, a more dire offence

Selling Shit
Trying to make money out of these things gets you into dicey territory. Flogging alcohol at a party falls under trading without a license (subject to nasty financial penalties). Selling tickets for it can also lead to trouble, as essentially you are running an unlicensed event. Licensing laws are under review, but at the moment you cannot have dancing in a premises without a drink license. Having tickets also means that you assume legal responsibility for public safety, and if you don't have public liability insurance, any injuries could cost you dearly. As a final kick in the bollocks, if you get caught the taxman might even come looking for his cut.

Tue 6th: B.Day

This is the most important day of the month, if not the whole year - it's Tony Blair's birthday

Thurs 8: V.E Day

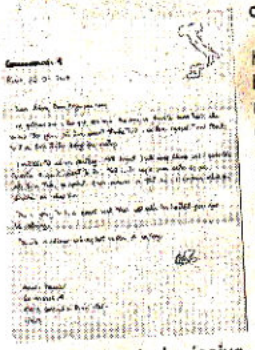
After Stalin had generously sacrificed about a million of his people and worn the Germans down at Stalingrad, Hitler was left with an army made up of twelve year old boys, women and anyone he hadn't gassed or hung with piano wire. It was at this safe point that the yanks came along and 'freed' Europe.

U2 Fan Wedding

ATTENTION READERS

LAST MONTH, a letter addressed to "Adam, Bono, Edge and Larry" was intercepted and redirected to the Slate offices. It was from some Italian guy called Alberto Belucci, and by all accounts he and his fiancé are big U2 fans.

"My girlfriend and I love you," he begins. "Your music has been our favourite sound track since we were teen agers. We have dreamt thanks to it, we have enjoyed it and thanks to it we have started loving your country."



The misdirected missive

Even Bono, had he not been too busy making a fool of himself at various political summits, would surely have been reaching for the smelling salts at this stage.

Amazingly, it gets better.

This psychotic spick goes on to ask U2 to write a poem for his wedding next August. Could they pen a few verses "only for us two, a symbol of your presence on that day, a sentence which can describe our deep love? This is going to be a special wish that will make her beautiful green eyes be shining."

If you don't believe this letter, it's real, we swear to fucking God. We've scanned it and put it up on our website - www.theslate.ie.

We know of course that the four boys will probably be unavailable to Alberto and his love with the green eyes as doubtless they will be busy dying their hair in their mansions and recording some more stodgy, irrelevant music.

That's why we are appealing to you our Slate readers. Do not let this passionate plea from a fan to his idols go unanswered. Send us in a poem which you think that these Italians should receive from U2, and we'll forward it to them on special headed paper. Email your nomination to editor@theslate.ie. The winner will get a free trip to Italy, and the chance to sing their verse at Alberto's wedding.

Holy Joes kick cheese out of Kingdom

The Kerry clergy have moved to stop marriages being wrecked by terrible chart tunes

IT SEEMS that as well as having animals for GAA supporters and accents so strong that nobody else can understand them, there is more proof that the people of Kerry did not develop at the same rate as the rest of the world.

A common practice in the south west has been for people to ruin their weddings by hiring singers to perform the most vulgar, mawkish pop songs the charts have to offer. Favourites include The Wind Beneath My Wings, that tune from Titanic and The Lady in Red by the immortal Chris De Burgh, who hasn't been heard of since he was caught shagging his baby sitter.

Celine Dion gets kicked out of a Kerry wedding

However, the diocese of Kerry has moved to stamp out this ghastly practice and instil some sense into parishioners who would otherwise be torturing their guests with some of the worst music available to humanity. The angry clergy have drawn up a blacklist and banned all these abysmal tunes from weddings. And in a wise safeguard against their flock trying to pull a fast one, the priests have a policy whereby all couples submit a music list for approval in advance of the big day.

CELEBS & THE WAR

The war in Iraq appears to be over. This is unfortunate, because it deprives some of the world's leading intellectual celebrities the chance to air their views on this important crisis.

Kid Rock, rock musician and husband of Pamela Anderson had this to say:

"All these musicians running around saying, 'stop the war' look retarded. You sold a few records now you're telling everybody how they should think - who fucking cares? George Bush and Tony Blair ain't sitting in their offices saying, 'hey, all you shitty musicians - stop making records'"

Kid Rock on his way to an important diplomatic meeting with his chief political adviser

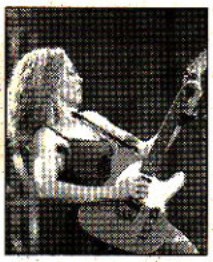
However, he is also on the record as saying the following

"We gotta kill that mother-fucker Saddam. Slit his throat. Kill him and the guy in North Korea."

On it being pointed out that there is some inconsistency in his remarks

"I guess I'm contradicting myself, but whatever happens, we ought to kill that fucker"

On the opposing side was Sheryl Crow, who at the American Music Awards added this to the debate:



We wish Sheryl the best of luck in her battle with amnesia

"I think war is based in greed and there are huge karmic retributions that will follow. I think war is never the answer to solving any problems. The best way to solve problems is to not have enemies."

Sheryl has obviously forgotten that in 1996, she was flown out to Bosnia to perform songs for the US military and keep them entertained.

Regrettably, Red Hot Chilli Peppers' guitarist John Frusciante was relatively quiet during the Iraqi conflict. People will remember an interview he did with Q magazine, during which he spoke of the September 11th incident. He said:

"During the making of this record (new album By the Way) we had the catastrophe at the Empire State Building and we just kept on writing."

Sun 11: Dali's Birthday

Artist Salvador Dali was so randy that even his own paintings made him masturbate. He also once threw a violinist off a bridge to prove that painting was superior to music. When famous, Dali used to sign pieces of paper and flog them to idiots for lots of money.

Sat 17

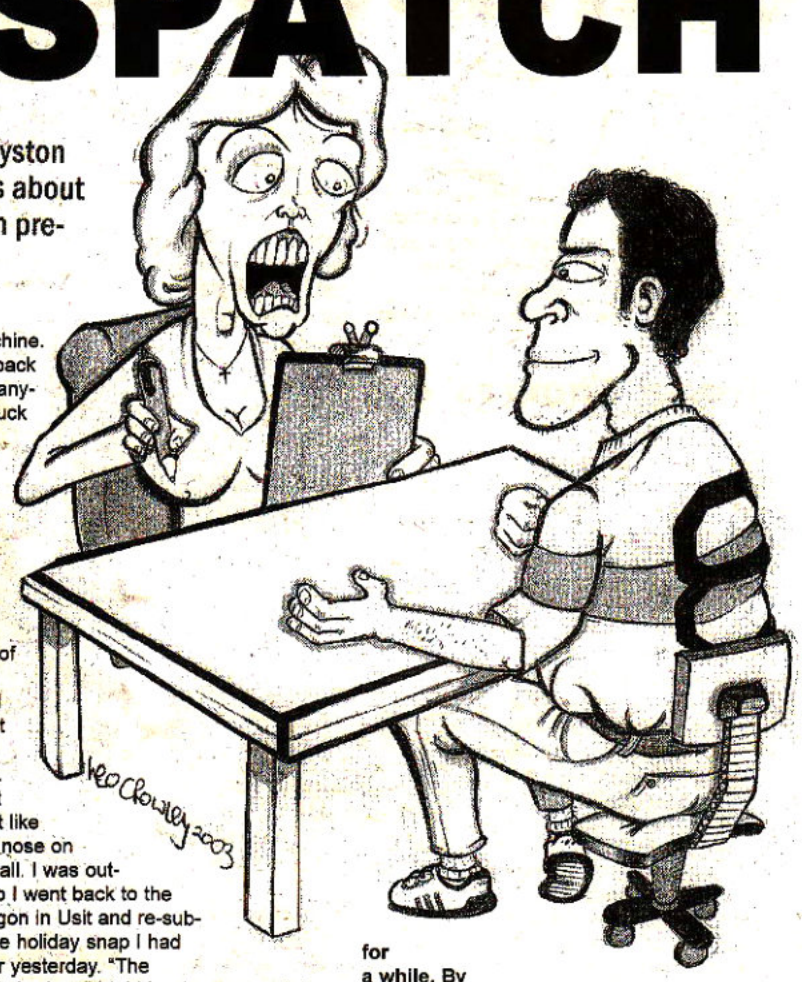
Armed Forces Day - USA. Get out and fucking celebrate

Sat 17: Eurovision

This year promises to be the best one yet. We'll have squint-eyed Mickey Joe Harte trying to beat paedo favourite Tatu - all live from Latvia. You cannot afford to miss it (send Mickey Joe a good luck text - number on front page)

J1 DISPATCH

From now until October, eager student Royston O'Grady will write a monthly column for us about his American adventure. First up - Royston prepares for the summer



January 23rd

After a year or two of doing sweet fuck all in college, me and the lads have decided to get Jay One Visas and make our fortunes in the USA.

February 1st

A bit of start-up capital will be required over in Amerikay, plus I'll need a few quid for the flight, so I've asked the parents to organise a meeting with our local bank manager next week.

February 6th

That bank boy was a right smug cunt so he was. Spent the whole meeting ignoring me and giving instructions to the ma about how I had to pay all the money back on time, and would be rightly arseholed if I was even ten minutes late. I couldn't give a fuck but, because after an hour of listening to this shite in a tie, I was walking away with a bounce in my step and three grand to play with.

February 20th

Queued up in that kip Usit for about two hours only to be told that I couldn't get the J1 without an 'official' set of passport photos. "Why the fuck didn't you tell me that when I was at the back of the queue?" I asked the jackeen bitch who seemed to be taking great pleasure from my misfortune. "I'm sorry Mr. Brady. We can't possibly let somebody like you into America without all the dots on the i's and crosses on the t's," she said, thinking she was the Queen or something. I had to go up to some kip on Abbey St. then, which was closed and all by the time I found it. I gave their door a sound kicking for a while, then someone shouted out the window that I had to come back tomorrow so I went home on the bus in a right fury.

February 21st

Came back in to town to get these poxy pictures done in their fancy hi-tech special yank picture machine. Slicked back the hair anyways, stuck out the jaw and pressed go. That was all grand - until 4 pictures of some black lad came out of the machine. He didn't look a bit like me - big nose on him and all. I was outraged, so I went back to the desk wagon in Usit and re-submitted the holiday snap I had given her yesterday. "The machine's broken," I told her in no uncertain terms. "Now stick that in my visa, before I take this complaint to a higher level."

May 1st

In some new development, the yanks have invited me in for an interview. They say it is part of their 'screening procedure' but the brother never had any of that shite when he went over last year.
Anyway, the burd doing it was nice, with a grand pair of tits on her too. We blathered away for a while, and then she asked me was I a terrorist, which I thought was a bit surprising. It was all said in a friendly sort of a way now, so I started telling her that story about me and the boys putting semtex up a dog's hole back the summer before last. But her facial expression changed a bit then - in a sudden enough manner that made me think I'd be as well moving on and talking about the weather for a while. By the end of it though, we were back on great terms and she gave me the green light to export myself to the Land of the Free and the Brave.

Next month: the boys hit Amerikay in fine style

Spread the merde

Would you like to email any of our earth-shattering articles to friends who are living abroad or too lazy to pick up a copy of The Slate? Then send a mail to forwards@theslate.ie with the article headline in the subject line

Tue 29 - Sat 2: Cat Laughs

A decent piss-up down the sticks. Rich Hall (right), Deirdre O'Kane and others will be there. www.kilkenny.ie sounds like one of the least interesting sites on the web, but that's where the info is at.

Thurs 31 May - No Tobacco Day

This is the day when filthy, dirty smoking cunts will be getting all righteous about people infringing their right to kill themselves. Let them smoke - they'll be gone quicker.

EXPOSED: THE SNOTTY SHOP STAFF WHO MAKE BUYING

SERVICE WITH A SLIME

It came to our attention recently that a lot of Dublin retail staff think their job is to make you feel like a dogshit who has somehow grown legs and walked onto their premises. In order to find the worst of these stuck-up fucks, we conducted a survey amongst our 600 or so mailing list* members. The quantity and bitterness of responses was disturbing, suggesting that this problem needs to be taken in hand by the authorities at once. Many of the quotes here have been edited in a way that changes their meaning, but we felt it best to leave spelling and grammar mistakes in.

Brown Thomas & BT2

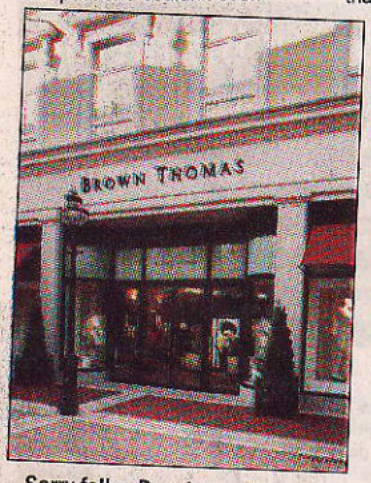
EVERYONE from snotty doormen to aloof salesmen to the "bitches with the massive gonks in the beauty/ perfume dept." came under attack in the two BTs. And our reports would suggest that these outlets have implemented a nightclub-style wankers-only door policy for their shops. One enraged emailer informed us that she "went in to get vouchers for my mother and I was stopped and asked 'what I required?' (I was wearing a red jacket from Penny's and looked a bit scruffy after work)." After being treated like a "homeless drug addict" and approaching "many over made up hags who eyed me up and down before pointing me in the wrong direction (towards the exit)" this livid lady finally found what she was looking for. Only to be told to "'treat those vouchers like money, now'. I felt like saying 'yes I know, thats why I have a Physics qualification and your working behind a perfume counter.'"

Another raging retail victim was so upset she couldn't even email us herself, and had to get an acquaintance to do it for her: "my friend went in there and she was wearing a tracksuit and runners and they asked her to leave because she wasn't dressed appropprealy."

These two stores (for the city's pricks and assholes) won joint first prize in our competition

Nearly as bad as the reader who was deemed too knackerish for sister store BT2. "I dont shop there [indeed] but it stared lashing raining and i stepped into the shop. On my immediate arrival, i was asked to leave. 'I didnt suit there idea of clientel'" This account was bizarrely followed by "Fuckin Racist's!"

Another unhinged shopper had a pop at Brown Thomas's "pink flamingo women with their chemicalhair and bin-liner breasts and hard little nails that they use for tearing apart sushi and hooking the wee scumbags that get in to steal t.hilfiger."



Sorry folks. Regulars only today.

Some other clothes shops staff who came in for constructive criticism:

- "the morons in raidar in st stephens green"
- "the 'senior staff' in tribe in same place"
- "the cunts in genius" (included as a reward for the reader who tried to cheat by voting twice for them)
- "the cool dudes down at Champion Sports [who] are too busy talking to each other about how their breakdancing career is going to give you a shoe in the right size."

Dunnes Stores

"DUNNES Stores, I have come to realise, are extremely selective in choosing their staff, only the rudest, most ignorant of people need apply. Staff training must be thorough and rigorous. Module 1 covers the following:

- Conversation topics you and your nearest colleague can use to distract each other from the growing queue.

- Snatching techniques, how to roughly grab nylon garments in such a way that the customer gets a nylon burnt hand.

- How to fit the widest array of perishables, breakables and delicates into the smallest carrier bag possible.

Anyone who gets through Module 1, can then move on to Module 2 - advanced training, which focuses strongly on:

One voter went to a lot of trouble in sticking the knife into Dunnes

- Voice training and elocution lessons to achieve the perfectly whiney and droning "Mr Kennedy to drapery, Mr Kennedy to drapery..."

The Body shop

"I used to be a regular customer of this conscientious multinational purveyor of manure face masks and other assorted what not made from the dregs of earthworms anuses. On many occasions I was refused service, short changed and left waiting at the counter while the cretinous clerks finish collecting their bum fluff in aid of some hairless Chihuahuas in Panama. Well Feck ye, with your make shift morals of stacking shelves and inhaling dewberry pish. I hope you all get trapped in chicken coup with a rabid mink on your next protest to save dandelions."

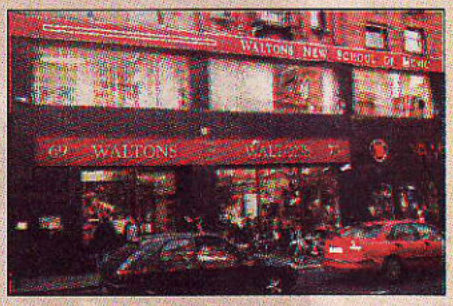
Guitar Shops

Like record shops there was widespread hate directed at the snobby cunts who stare down their noses from behind the counters of musical instrument stores.

"What about just about everyone who works in any guitar shop, anywhere!!! Basically these are sad fucks who get a kick out of looking cool in front of twelve year olds who are in with their mother buying their first guitar...assholes in black t-shirts who think they're gods of rock'n'roll when in truth they're failed roadies."

Waltons
"Their Holier-Than-Thou attitude makes me want to pull out my brain through my eye-socket."

Musicmaker
"These pale-po-faced arrogant failures of men are a cancerous cist on the holy soul of rock and roll, like so many other poisonous music industry maggots."



Waltons - Holier Than Thou

"They sit behind their counter reminiscing about the greatness of Metallica and Def Leppard whilst directing verbal abuse at anyone who tries out a guitar thats not in a 'V' shape. If you play guitar, bring a cappo and when trying out a strat (ask for the fancy one in the middle of the display), play 'Wonderwall' loudly and repeatedly for 10 minutes. Alternatively, if you play bass you can ask for a stingray and play 'Buck Rogers' loudly and repeatedly for 10 minutes. If this doesn't make their eyes water, go down to the drum room and bang the drums with your hands. They don't take kindly to such shenanigans."

Record Shops

These places are generally run by know-it-all nob ends

A COMMON humiliating tactic used by people in second hand stores is to loudly mock any CDs that are offered for sale to them. The main man in Spindizzy records (George's St. arcade) obviously thought he could get away with performing this manouevre on one of our readers. But now his heartless sneering is down in print for all to see: "He flicked through the records, casting a scornful eye over them, and generally making you feel like you were trying to flog him your little sister's soiled knickers... The man's a vulture, feeding off the misery of those forced, through financial hardship, to sell their tunes."

The same complaint was also levelled against "that tall spindly know-it-all cunt with the wonky half-broken D4 voice who works in Freebird Records". This chap - who seems to have left now and set up his own shop - "tittered" to the rest of the shop when one of our readers handed him a CD for sale. Apparently he seemed "too busy trying to impress dipsy failed actresses with his Marlboro smoking skills" to pay much attention to customers. However, this bad attitude has not paid off, with "Sneery Guy" getting more votes than any other individual in our survey.

Another nominee was "ex-Comet employee John" - "the legendary king of record shop rudeness [whose] natural born talent for being rude was a joy to behold. Here is a classic example: Customer 'Can I please listen to this record ?'..... John 'No.'"

Killian from Big Brother Records - described as "a stuck up cunt."

*Do you want to join our famous mailing list and take part in future important votes of this nature? To sign up, just send an email to editor@theslate.ie with 'mailing list' as the subject.

One-line wonders

Forbidden Planet, a retard's comic shop on the south quays. "Everyone used to fancy the single woiman in forbidden planet when they were fourteen... shes still there and how bitter she must be."

Bad Vibe Shop, 24 hour twilight zone on Richmond St. "They 24 hour shop there has had a bad vibe for so long it's known as the bad vibe shop among circles."

Charlies 2, mouldy Temple Bar Chinese restaurant "the little grumpy Chinese bird ... I could best describe her as a crossbreed between a Adrian Kennedy listener and a bulldog"

Lemon Crepe Café, an awful trendy gaff on South William St. "that greasy pirate mullet-gimp in the pancake place. Slings obnoxious commentary with his crepes like an unwelcome new yorker."

Steps of Rome, overrated Italian cafe off Grafton St. "some of the older staff seem to spend their time glaring at customers and rowing amongst themselves."

The Savoy Cinema "especially the blond haired bollix who wears a tuxedo."

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Learn how to work your time efficiently

IF YOU have an important task to carry out but find yourself mucking about the house, reading old newspapers, pretending to be a 5-year-old bisexual in internet chatrooms and even following current affairs, you know you are not using your time effectively.

Efficient time management is all about having definite goals and a burning desire to achieve them. Remember - winners don't wait for chances, they take them. This is a maxim you must apply broadly across your life. Here are some timesaving tips:

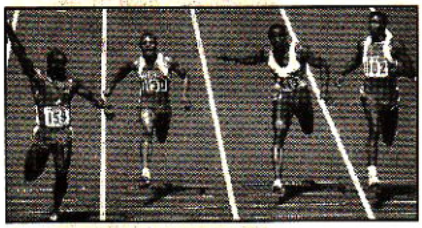
Are you always short on time?

Find something that will motivate you.

One possibility is a picture of a New York fireman on your desk. These handsome heroes bravely fought against the evil atrocity which was inflicted on the American people by Saddam Hussein, Osama bin Laden and the French. How inspiring.

Use technology to stop competitors gaining the upper hand before the race has even begun.

Install our special timesaving software on your computer, and whenever it senses that your time/productivity ratio is not maximised it will electrocute your genitals through a secret node on the mouse.



Find winners and follow their lead

It's all about priorities. Do not let frivolous socialising stand in the way of self-empowerment.

The best thing is to cut family and friends out of your life completely, otherwise they might sabotage your success. Meaningful communication can be reduced by fondling your private areas whenever loved ones are around.

If you ever start losing the will to succeed, take five minutes away from your desk, gaze at your Firefighter and pretend you are in a barbaric country that is in urgent need of liberation - Syria for instance. Weapons of mass destruction are everywhere, as are people who detest peace and love war, and bearded murderers who fantasize about raping white children. This should make you realise how lucky you are to live in a western democracy, and drive you to be the best person you can be.

Go now - time is precious!

SOME FACTS ABOUT TICKETBASTARD

Ever wonder why concert tickets are such a rip off? Here's one reason anyway.

Pearl Jam - stung in the hole by Ticketmaster

THEY DON'T pay the bands, don't hire security, and don't rent out the venue. But if you buy a typical €28 concert ticket, Ticketmaster still manages to pocket more than €6 of your cash. Allow the Slate to fill you on on the great value that this company give their customers.

Like all cunning middle men, these useless parasites make money out of almost everyone involved in the deal.

The customer is fleeced with:

a) a flat agent's fee of €2 if the ticket is bought at a Ticketmaster outlet. Or

b) a service charge of "approximately 12.5%" if the ticket is bought either by phone or on the Internet. This means that - even though you get exactly the same service regardless of how much your ticket costs - Ticketmaster will take more and more cash off you the higher the price of it. Bravo.

And it doesn't stop there. Ticketmaster also charge whoever is running the gig a 'booking fee' which, of course, is then passed to the paying public. Luckily for these charitable businessman, it is actually illegal to advertise a gig price without the booking fee included. So nobody ever gets to see how much the cost is increased by this hidden Ticketmaster charge.

But we at The Slate have got our hands on this information, and can now reveal just how badly people are being ripped off.

Ticket price:	Booking fee:
€10 - 15	€2
€15 - 25	€2.50
€25 - 30	€3
€30 - 40	€3.50
€45 - 50	€4
€50 - 60	€4.5
€60+	€5

This means that, if someone buys two tickets at a cost of €60 each, Ticketmaster creams off around €21 between the booking fee and the service charge (this latter cost seems to have been generously capped at €5.50)

Ticketmaster defend their charges by pointing to investment in their IT systems and the 'convenience' their service affords. But if this computer system is so efficient and convenient, then how come it costs more to use than a face to face transaction?

Unfortunately, if you want to go to a concert, it is usually very hard to avoid dealing with these cunts. They claim not to have an exclusivity deal with MCD (who run most Dublin gigs), but seem to be involved in almost every show. "It would be impossible to work on a show-by-show basis . . . but I don't think I'd use the term exclusive, if you know what I mean," said one spokesperson, unconvincingly. The great news is that there are practically no real rivals for them in the industry either.

Not only do they have the ticket game sewn up in Dublin, but they're massive in the US too. Back in the mid-90s, grunge mongoloids Pearl Jam took exception to the amount of money Ticketmaster were charging people for their service, and undertook to boycott them for one of their tours. Unfortunately, Ticketmaster had exclusivity deals with a huge number of venues on their tour and they had to cancel the whole thing.

So there you have it. The best thing to do is to ring Ticketmaster at least once a week and shout 'thieving pricks' down the phone at them.

Hark, all you unbelievers. There is a God. And he is Catholic. The proof of this is that the Dubliner - a magazine dedicated to the half-witted whims of the West Brit classes - lost a magnificent €1/4 million last year.

All-New Leaving Cert

THERE IS A DIFFERENT STYLE OF EXAM THIS YEAR WHICH HAS BEEN LEAKED TO THE SLATE SO THAT THE WHOLE COUNTRY ISN'T TAKEN BY SURPRISE. HERE ARE THE EXACT QUESTIONS AS THEY WILL APPEAR THIS JUNE

NAME:

LEAVING CERT EXAM NUMBER:

First some multiple choice questions to make sure you're a suitable candidate for the Leaving Certificate. Be warned: If you answer any of them incorrectly, you will be disqualified from sitting state exams for the next forty years and may face a jail sentence. Good luck!

In your opinion, Ireland's education system is:

a) Fair. The children who go to national schools in the midlands where they have to sit on the ground due to lack of chairs have as much of a chance of doing well as I do.

b) Not functioning correctly. My daddy sent me to a famous rugby-playing school, paid for intensive study courses for 8 years and hired a maid to polish my shoes during the exams. But I'm still repeating so I can get into Applied Home Economics in Carlow RTC.

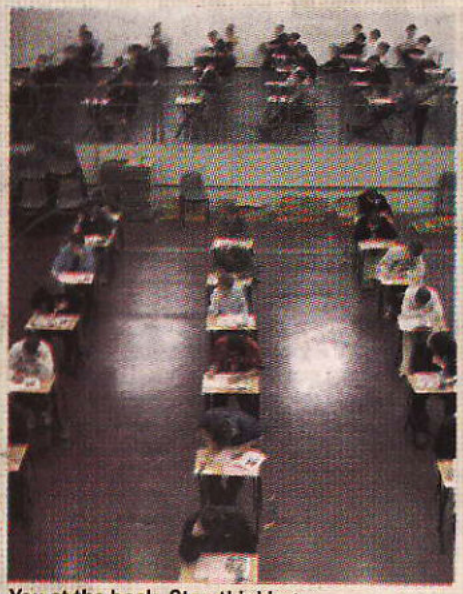
c) Important in that it teaches you that the only way to succeed in life is to dispense with your brain entirely and memorise facts like a parrot, or cheat.

What about private, fee-paying schools? What do you think of them?

a) They are the foundations on which our country is built. They supply us with the leaders and statesmen of tomorrow

b) They ensure that the lower classes are kept from rising above their station. Furthermore, they produce well-rounded citizens who drive around in jeeps and use their sailing or golf connections to avoid unnecessary jail sentences for drunk driving.

Hurray. We're all off to middle class colleges



You at the back. Stop thinking.

c) My parents didn't send me to one so they're either communists or heroin addicts

What motivation techniques do you use for studying?

a) I imagine how good the future will be if I do well in the Leaving - three failed marriages, drinking most nights with my dull work buddies, and living in a suburb where I can't find my house because it looks identical to all the others in the estate

b) I think of the awful consequences of failure. If I don't get into a good college course, everybody will justifiably treat me as a social outcast. I'll have to become a trainee electrician or something frightful like that and then I'll eventually become a lonely child molester

c) I smoke hash before sitting down at my desk

Answers

3 as - You are not a spectacular student, but nonetheless you are unlikely to let the family down by attending a vulgar DIT college

3 bs - you are destined for greatness, and would make a particularly eminent high court judge.

Any **c** answers - it appears that education is not for you. Perhaps you would be more suited to a profession which involves you using your hands, carpentry or burglary being two such options.

Please answer the following questions as well and then leave the exam hall without disturbing the students who are having nervous breakdowns at their desks.

1) Number of times you have been advised to do foundation level maths:

2) Time spent avoiding work by designing colorful study schedules and arranging pencils in order of lead strength:

3) Number of visits to the cool and funky skoool.ie website for inspiration?:

4) Numbers of poems you have memorised but have no understanding of:

5) Are the parallels between plot and subplot in Jane Austin's Emma the most irrelevant thing you've ever heard in your life?

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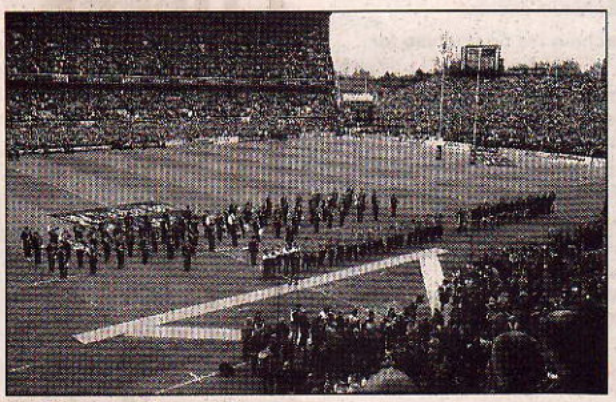
Schizo Mirror sticks it to Bolshie Brits

OUR LATEST rugby defeat to England prompted the 'Irish' Mirror to run one of its more deceitful front page articles. Before, the match, England captain Martin Johnson tried to bring back the days of Empire by refusing to stand in the right place for the national anthems. This childish carry-on meant that Uachtaran na h-Eireann, Mary McAleese, had to walk around in the mud in order to carry out her pre-match duties.

Anyway, who gives a shit? Nobody really, but the Mirror tried to prove their Paddy credentials by running a gloating story about how 'England' was "forced to issue a grovelling apology" over the whole affair. The paper - which is edited and designed in the UK - claimed to be delighted that "bad-tempered England captain Martin Johnson" was getting his comeuppance. This paddywhackery was soon ditched, though, when you went on to the rest of the paper and found the usual fawning articles about Prince Harry and the cast from Crossroads.



The Black and Tans get it arseways

The Mirror also seems terribly upset by the idea of refugees being allowed to drive around our highways in their own cars. Late last year, they ran a big front page story about how the Government were more or less promising anyone who applied for asylum here a free car into the bargain. Needless to say, the article was based on one quote from one bogger who had sold a car to one refugee. An equally well-researched story appeared last month under the headline: "We can't stop refugees breaking traffic laws." Full of unverified facts and handy generalisations, this article was backed up by the usual unnamed 'garda source' as opposed to any boring statistics. "These lads are driving around without insurance and they know they have a good chance of getting away with it," said the source. And the blackies are being let off with murder because, Deep Throat says: "If a garda pulls them up he can expect to spend half the day processing the offence. Often they will have no English and no documents with them."

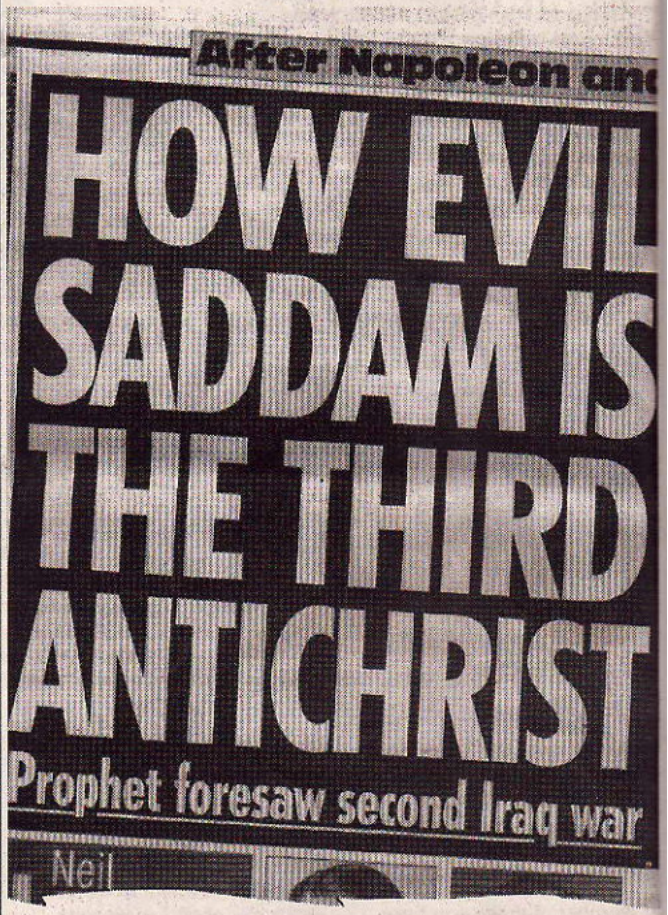
Getting pushy with the poshies

NO LONGER content with demanding the death sentence for Killinarden joyriders, the Sunday World has started meddling in the affairs of the middle classes too. "Privileged gougers out looking for trouble" announced the paper in its Easter Sunday edition. This piece - written, no doubt, by some half-educated hack - came to the stupendous conclusion that "well-off kids from stable two-parent families are just as likely to be delinquents as their poorer counterparts." Shock, horror. The SW should know by now that its business is with a different class of criminal. If posh boys want to go jumping on each other's heads during some rugby-related hijinks, that's their concern. Any po-faced moralising from this hooligan's newspaper is surplus to requirements.

Too big for its boots

HEADLINE OF THE MONTH

(Sunday World, 20 April)



Welcome to Shitface - our monthly new feature. To take part, simply cut out the face below and place it in a toilet bowl - either at home or in a pub or club around town.

Shit On My Face

The Slate

Bono et al rocking in the free world

Mahatma Bono fights the power

BRAVE BONO has revealed that he squared up to Hollywood by refusing to co-operate with the Oscars ban on peace protests. U2 may have looked like they were kissing the holes of the cinema glitterati by turning up at the ceremony and singing the Hands that Built America. But Bono the rebel maintained the band's revolutionary status by making a completely unnoticeable change to the song's lyrics in mid-performance. Nobody would have known about this dangerous subversive gesture, except that Ireland's Osama was good enough to explain it to the media after the event. The new lyrics were some profound crap about a "yellow cloud on a desert skyline." No doubt George Bush will rue the day he ever went into battle against the wishes of the great Bono.

Board Walk Bingo

A good use has finally been found for the Liffey boardwalk - as the focus of our entertaining new Bingo game. Take a seat on this glorious structure, and simply cross off the relevant square every time you see one of the objects described. The winner is the first person to complete a full line, either horizontal, vertical or diagonal.

Piss and puke stains
They are everywhere. This should be an easy one to get you started.

Crying architect
Whoever dreamed up this idea must now be feeling rather stupid. Will be found pacing up and down his creation, lamenting "the day I ever tried to bring culture to this city".

Frankfurter man
The Dublin hot dog game has a history of extortion and turf wars. This shit spot is surely where the weak runts of the market end up..

Rollerblader
Push into river before crossing off your board. There may be a lot of gay people in Dublin, but that doesn't mean it's San Francisco.

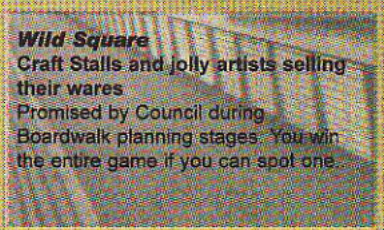
A junkie's body
Normally seen floating by in the river, but you may also find one decomposing under your seat. Poke to make sure it's dead and then ignore.

Mentally retarded stoners
Only the worst cannabis addict could be stupid enough to think that smoking a joint on this freezing piece of tin would be enjoyable.

Disillusioned tourist
Yank reminiscent of strolls through the sunshine along the Left Bank of the Seine. Image shattered when cigarette butt is flicked into her eye by man in a tracksuit.

Failed suicide attempts
Writhing on the boardwalk with broken limbs after yelling goodbye to their friends and flinging themselves off the wall above. Geographical ignorance has saved their lives.

Box of clothes pegs
Installed as an afterthought by Dublin City Council to stop people dying from smell of the Liffey.



Wild Square
Craft Stalls and jolly artists selling their wares
Promised by Council during Boardwalk planning stages. You win the entire game if you can spot one.

TRINITY BALL

FEAT. DEATH IN VEGAS, ALABAMA THREE, MUNDY, KERRI CHANDLER, DEXTER, HYBRID (LIVE), DECAL (LIVE) DJ FORMAT/MC ABDOMINAL, BELLEFIRE AND A LOAD OF SHIT COVER BANDS
FRIDAY 9 MAY, TCD, 10.30PM - 5AM €64

The Trinity Ball can be a great opportunity to get off your pickle and run amuck, what with the large amount of entertainment on offer. In theory, anyway. The reality is that the line-ups are a bit all over the place and very distracting. And the other thing is tickets: you'll need to know some Trinity tosspot in order to get one, but as long as you pretend to like whatever knob it is you know from the place, it's relatively easy to wheedle a ticket.

The first thing to do this year is get out of the Front Square area as quickly as possible. It features things like the Tom Jones Experience and Bellefire (not joking). Real music can be found on the live stage, although most of it isn't great - Death In Vegas are dullness personified, and Alabama 3 and Aslan aren't much better. Things look a little more interesting in the soul area, which will feature hip hop ranging from the inoffensive Ugly Duckling, the skillfull DJ Tu-ki and the brutal DJ Format. Folk singer Damien Dempsey has been thrown in to confuse everyone.

Finally there's the dance tent, which seems to have been chosen using the ticket-out-of-the-hat method. This means that just as you are getting used to the dancefloor electro of Decal, you'll have to put up with two hours of endurance-testing prog breaks from the Welsh Hybrid. Even if you can hack that, your senses will then have to re-adjust wholesale to a turntablist set from Dexter (see our once offs section). Thankfully, to prevent you from getting totally disorientated, the star attraction - New Jersey's Kerri Chandler - should keep a warm deep house throb going long into the night to keep all but the pickiest happy.

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Live Music

SMOG

THURSDAY 1 MAY 8PM
WHELAN'S €20

Anyone buying a ticket to this gig is unlikely to go along expecting a Pink Floyd-style laser show. Which is fucking lucky, because a few grunts at the audience are all you can expect from the notoriously taciturn Bill Callaghan, Smog's only member. Thankfully, his songs are good, with the excellent new album, Supper, returning to the chugging guitars of earlier releases like Knock Knock. As his prolific output continues, it is clear that Callaghan is still right on top of his game.

BECK

THURSDAY 1 & FRIDAY 2 MAY
AMBASSADOR €34.50

Beck's live shows have a reputation as action-packed spectaculars which overshadow his somewhat patchy recorded output. Using stupid costumes, props and live bands, the diminutive yank gives it his all, and his noisy big-beat and diva-esque eccentricity usually sends the audience mad. However, the acoustic focus of last year's Sea Change means that tonight it's just him and his guitar, which will narrow the appeal a bit. Over the course of Beck's career, some of his quietest moments have been his best - check Ramshackle at the end of the mostly annoying Odelay - but a full show of introspective soul searching (although potentially brilliant) could go on its arse.

JAGA JAZZIST

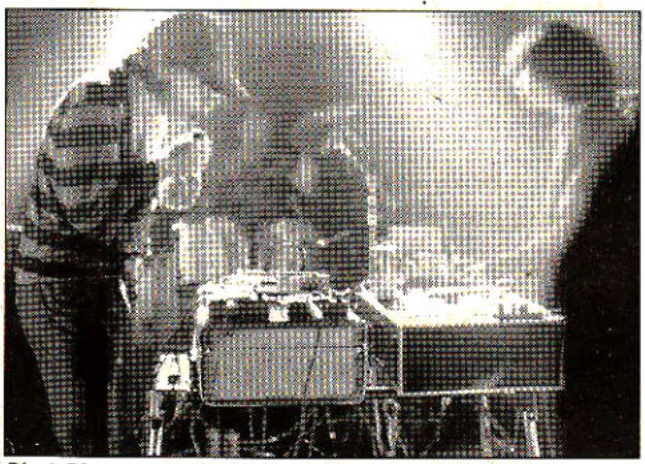
FRIDAY 2 MAY 7.30 PM
THE VILLAGE €18

Norway, of all places, has produced some interesting music over the past decade: from the electronic/jazz hybrid of Nils Petter Molvaer; through Royksopp's quirky pop; to the avant-garde output of Jazzkammer. Somewhere in the middle of all this is Jaga Jazzist, a 10-piece band whose members seem to be on every recent Norwegian release. Although their latest album, A Livingroom Hush, came out on Ninja Tune, it's not quite the irony-sodden trip-hop you'll usually find on that label. In fact, a recent review described it as "Charles Mingus with Aphex Twin up his arse". Their live show has been getting the Brits excited and should have plenty of madcap energy without turning into total freeform cacophony.

BLACK DICE

FRIDAY 2 MAY 8 PM
WHELAN'S €13

This Brooklyn-based four-piece has as much hope of making enjoyable music as a legless Special Olympics athlete has of winning the 400-meter hurdles. Curiously, they have tricked a small percentage of the Earth's population into thinking their output is some kind of pioneering, intellectually-inspired music. But all anyone else hears is a psychotic Yank howling into the microphone while his buddies bang on saucepans in the background. It's not hardcore. It's not metal. It's not music. It's unlikely that these dunces can even play their instruments. Black Dice live shows were once notorious for hostile confrontations between the band and their audience, with spectators frequently turning to violence (probably after realising they had been ripped-off). But the band have recently toned down their live show, making attendance at this gig absolutely pointless. The fact that they have a big German following says it all. Better acts have leaked out of Saddam Hussein's arse.



Black Dice: an atrocious picture of an appalling band

BRAY JAZZ FESITVAL
FRI 2 MAY - 4 MAY

Over the May bank holiday a whole load of forlegn and local Jazz musicians will descend on the usually dull arcade town of Bray in north Wicklow. Acts will include the George Colligan Quartet, Steve Coleman and the Five Elements and a host of others. There'll be a varied assortment of styles, and most of it will take place in the Mermaid Theatre and the Wicklow Arts Centre in central Bray. See www.brayjazz.com for further details.

BASE 2 & THE THINGS
SATURDAY 3 MAY 8PM
VOODOO, ARAN QUAY €7

We can tell you fuck all about American act Base 2, but there is much 'next big thing' talk amongst excitable musos about local support act The Things. Apparently their lead singer is a complete psycho and the resulting energy makes for an explosive live show.

HELL IS FOR HEROES
SUPPORT: KINESIS
SATURDAY 3 MAY
TBMC €16

In typically restrained fashion, the NME announced that Hell Is For Heroes' will "slip a fucking nuclear-powered trampoline under moshpits everywhere". However, there are reasons to doubt this claim. First is the fact that two of the band used to be in Symposium - one of the most irredeemably useless acts that that magazine ever tried to foist on the public. For the second reason, go to an online music retailer and click the 'People who bought this also bought...' option beside their debut album The Neon Handshake. It is only natural to be suspicious of an act whose fans seem so fond of Alien Ant Farm, not to mention a galaxy of other third-rate pop-metal bands. Their Deftones-esque album was recorded in L.A., a sure sign that Hell Is For Heroes are the most hotly-tipped Brit metal act since Lostprophets.

THE BUZZCOCKS
SATURDAY 3 MAY
THE VILLAGE €20

It's hard not to be cynical about impotent old rockers getting together to relive past glories. But fans of Pete Shelley and Steve Diggle's classic punk band won't be disappointed with the latest Buzzcocks reunion tour and album offering. After encountering significant late 70s success, the band split up in 1981, reunited again in 1989 and have put out a steady stream of new material ever since. None of it has really matched the standard of their acid-loving glory days, but the latest record (entitled Buzzcocks) shows they can still create music that comes close to the seminal brilliance of Singles Going Steady, their 1979 7" collection.

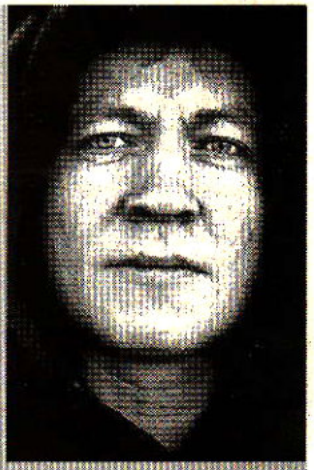
THE MUSIC
SUPPORT: ROCKET SCIENCE
SUNDAY 4 MAY
AMBASSADOR €22.50

Young, retro and totally shite, this Led Zep rip-off band are not worth a Euro, especially in Dublin's worst venue.

CRAIG DAVID
SUNDAY 4 MAY
DUBLIN CASTLE €34.50

If a middle-aged white man in a raincoat had written Seven Days or What's Your Flava? he would be considered an unacceptably lady-obsessed individual and forced to live in Cambodia under a fake name. But, with his innocent baby-face and abundant enthusiasm, Craig David doesn't just get away with it - he's a superstar. J-Lo is after him for a duet and Bono famously incorporated a verse of Walking Away into U2's 2001 Brit Awards performance in protest at the fact that teenage Craig was walking away empty-handed. Though not completely useless, this brand of slushy R&B is of course best avoided.

NILS PETTER MOLVAER
SATURDAY 3 MAY
7.30PM
TIVOLI
€22.50



Nils by Mouth

This Norwegian trumpeter made his debut Irish appearance over a year ago, as part of the ESB Jazz Series. However, the press release came stamped with a warning that was obviously aimed at stick-in-the-mud jazz fogeys. "Note: This is a dance event," it said. That turned out to be the understatement of the millennium, as Molvær and his band (which included guitar, decks and electronics) put on a show that left half the audience completely knackered from all the jumping around. Although Molvær himself is heavily influenced by Kind of Blue-era Miles Davis, he's canny enough to have absorbed elements of house, techno, beats and drum n bass. The Norwegian is one of the few musicians who realises that jazz started as, and still can be, dance music. Although his most recent album, npm3, is more downtempo than previous releases like Khmer and Solid Ether, this unique show should still rock the gaff.

THE WILDHEARTS
SUPPORT: AMEN
SUNDAY 4 MAY
TBMC €19

Ten years ago the Wildhearts were in what was then the unique position of being equally lauded by both the London rock weeklies and the glossy metal mags. Hard-rockers with the common touch, the band combined glamour, decadence and a great line in singalong choruses. And in their charismatic frontman (ex-Quireboy) Ginger they seemed to have a 90s answer to Lemmy. It's hard to see where it all went wrong for them. Their tours sold out and their albums Earth Vs The Wildhearts (1993) and PUUQ (1995) were never less than excellent. But as stodgy Britpop stormed the charts, their expletive-littered metal struggled to make any headway. The volatile Ginger was soon locked in interminable conflicts with both the record company and the band themselves, and they split acrimoniously in 1997. With bassist Danny McCormack recently checking into rehab, it sounds like things haven't changed too much since they got back together.

THE VINES
SATURDAY 3 MAY
AMBASSADOR €27.50

IT DOESN'T take a genius to figure out what records the Vines listened to growing up. If you've only ever heard their singles you'd be excused for thinking they're an overhyped Ladybird version of Nirvana. The incendiary Get Free in particular ("she never loved me / why should anyone?) offers little that hasn't been heard before. But write them off at your peril. With his McDonalds-only diet and completely un-self-conscious manner (when was the last time you saw "AAAAHHHH x 8" on a lyric sheet?) Craig Nicholls debt to Kurt Cobain is purely sonic - and even that only applies to half the songs on debut album Highly Evolved.

The rest are lush, harmony-laden odes to his other great passion: marijuana. Much has been made of the sublime Mary Jane, but critics have ignored Highly Evolved's true highlight. Country Yard. "I'm tired of feeling sick and useless," Nicholls drawls before the song dissolves into a blissed out chorus. With the fantastic ska-tinged Factory and new set-closer Fuck The World also likely to figure, this gig is well worth checking out.

Fellow Aussie support act You Am I meanwhile have a much bigger fanbase in Australia than the Vines (whose first break came supporting tonight's warm up act at a Sydney gig.) And, seeing as the upstart headliners bypassed Australia by launching their career in Los Angeles, don't be surprised to see streams of backpackers leaving the venue before they even come on.

'AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH'

LOU REED

MONDAY 5 MAY **8PM**
THE HELIX **€48/60/65**

Belligerent, confrontational, arrogant and dishonest, with an inadequate singing voice and an appetite for hard drugs, the young Lou Reed was almost overqualified for rock stardom. Solo fame duly arrived when his Bowie-produced Transformer album brought tales of junkies, hustlers and drag queens from New York's underbelly into the mainstream.

But it is for his earlier seminal work with the Velvet Underground that Reed is best remembered. Their screechy nihilistic songs of shooting-up and sado-masochism were the antithesis of the peace and love bullshit that dominated rock music at the time. And with a third generation of VU-influenced rockers bursting onto the scene, a greatest hits type tour seems worryingly timely right now. Instead expect an evening of words, music and poetry from Reed's preposterous new concept album The Raven. With lyrics like "your hair falling out/ your ass starts to sag/ your balls shrivel up in your sack" it's clear that Reed is still full of the joys of life.

Shrivelly-balled Lou

ELECTRIC 6

SUNDAY 4 MAY **7.30PM**
THE VILLAGE **€16**

Backing vocals from the White Stripes' Jack White, and a chorus as foolish and faintly subversive as "fire in the disco/ fire in the Taco Bell" seem to have given Electric Six some ready-made knee-jerk credibility. Which explains why critics will continue (in the short term) to be at worst bemused by them and their surprise recent single hit, Danger! High Voltage. Some over-earnest commentators may even join the dots between the Detroit scenesters and other bands like The Rapture and Hot Hot Heat to conclude that indie music is taking a seismic shift towards the dancefloor. This, like everything about Electric Six is patent nonsense. The verdict from punters who've actually paid money to see them live is that they're a crap one-trick art-prank novelty act. They will most likely have melted guerrilla-like back into the general population a year from now, unperturbed if no one but themselves ever got the joke. Avoid.

STEREOPHONICS

SUPPORT: MUNDY, INME
MONDAY 5 MAY
DUBLIN CASTLE **€34**

Kelly Jones and co are so repulsively uninteresting that we can't even think up any good insults for them. While by comparison Mundy is relatively unobjectionable, he's no great shakes. We've no idea who Inme are, but seeing as they've been chosen with the Stereophonics' audience in mind they must be just mildly better than Darius.

MY COMPUTER

SUPPORT: GOLD CHAINS
MONDAY 5 MAY
WHELANS **€15**

The Google-proof My Computer are an ambitious but insignificant indie-dance band from Manchester. Nightmarishly pitched as a combination of Coldplay and Air, their songs sound more like Jeff Buckley and Pink Floyd trying to write Bohemian Rhapsody. With 12 years experience on the dole queues of Urmston, West Manchester, singer Andy Chester also promises to tell it like it is lyrically but instead gives us only incompetent gibberish like "This is all for those of you / Left without a single clue / Who to trust / Or what to do / Chances they are few." Rubbish.

Yo La Tengo - on the run from Yoko Ono

YO LA TENGO

MONDAY 5 MAY
AMBASSADOR **€25.50**

This Bank Holiday gig is facilitated by Yo La Tengo taking time out from recording with Yoko Ono, which can only be a good thing. Their latest album, Summer Sun, took an eclectic turn, with jazz influences coming to the fore, and a retro surf feel occasionally rearing its head. Although it's not quite as good as their previous release, Summer Sun is certainly not bad, and this gig should make for a good sequel to their superb last concert in the Olympia. At a Yo La Tengo gig, you can count on a

HOT HOT HEAT

SATURDAY 3 MAY
WHELAN'S **€14**

Their fantastic breakthrough single Bandages might have fallen foul of wartime broadcasting restrictions but word about Hot Hot Heat is beginning to spread. Hailing from out-of-the-way Victoria in British Columbia, the Canadians are not sharp-suited Strokes clones or garage-rock morons. Rather they are the new acceptable face of emo - geeky sensitive souls with (if their debut album Make Up The Breakdown is anything to go by) an inexhaustible supply of addictively catchy synth-pop classics up their sleeves.

Hot New Meat

Starting out as a noisy synth-based outfit in 1999, things didn't work out for the group until guitarist Dante DeCaro was recruited and keyboardist Steve Bays took over vocal duties in late 2001. Hyperactive, 80s-influenced songs like No, Not Now, Get In Or Get Out and Oh Goddamnit! have been provoking frenzied stage invasions across North America and, more recently, Britain so the asking price will probably be a lot more than €14 next time they make it here.

few things - some interesting cover versions, a fair bit of instrument-swapping, and at least one ten minute, feedback-drenched noise-out.

EVAN DANDO

MONDAY 5 MAY 7.30PM
THE VILLAGE €18

When the former Lemonheads frontman played the Olympia a year ago he threatened to beat the shit out of a female audience member for committing an unspecified offence - possibly just talking during one of his songs. Not that anyone particularly minded. Outbursts like that were exactly what his audience would have expected from Dando - a hopeless drug casualty who had cut a pretty pitiable figure for many years. With his comeback album, Baby I'm Bored, in the shops and accompanied by his best backing band in ten years, it should be a more upbeat Evan Dando who appears this time around. The album is an attractive if ultimately inconsequential collection of songs that represents his first studio release since the Lemonheads Car Button Cloth in 1996.

BEANS

MONDAY 5 MAY
TBMC €16.50

Warp-hop trio Anti-Pop Consortium had two Dublin gigs cancelled last year: the first because DJ Shadow asked them to tour the US with him; the second because they broke up. So this solo show by ex-member MC Beans should be hotly anticipated by the wigger and chin-stroking sets alike. Although Beans was probably the weakest of the trio's MCs, he's got a good matter-of-fact voice and a fine way with words. And if APC producer E. Blaize provides his beats on tour (as he does on Beans' excellent new Warp release Tomorrow Right Now), this show will be worth the wait.

Beans Means Rhymes

LAURA CANTRELL

TUESDAY 6 MAY
WHELAN'S €15

What the fuck is a woman who works as a manager in the equity research department of Bank of America doing at the top of the alt-country pile? This is the unlikely situation that Laura Cantrell finds herself in. Born in Nashville, she detested the country sound until a summer job in the Country Music Federation opened her ears to it's twangy guitars and moany melodies. Cantrell apparently played a large part in establishing the agenda of the alt-country scene through her weekly Radio Thrift Shop programme which began in 1992, but it wasn't til 2000 that she released her debut album. Not The Tremblin Kind was widely praised by critics and was proclaimed by John Peel as his favourite album ever. Even more noteworthy is the fact that she still does her bank job when on the road via a laptop.

LESS THAN JAKE

TUESDAY 6 MAY
AMBASSADOR €20

Less Than Jake? Worse Than Shite, more like. These talentless tits have been passing themselves off as a punk band for over a decade now - seemingly convincing a good number of teenaged skateboarder types that they're the real thing. Bands like Operation Ivy and The Dance Hall Crashers have shown that ska-punk can occasionally be great, but LTJ are a different story - playing it with a minimum of ability and a maximum of commercialism. Expect this early show to be jammed with the snots who hang around in front of the Music Centre; if that doesn't keep you away, nothing will.

FRIDAYS IN MAY @ THE SUGAR CLUB

02 'LOVE AND STUFF' COMEDY AND CABARET SHOW
LATE BAND *THE TEMPS*
DOORS 8 PM
ADM. €10 B4 10.30/€15 AFTER

09 ALPHARELISH PRESENTS SUGAR AND SPIKES
NOXAGT & SIGHTINGS (NORWAY) DJ PEEPEE (THE CHALETS) & VISUALS FROM DEL9
LATE BAND *THE CAMEMBERT QUARTET*
DOORS 8 PM
ADM. €10 B4 10.30/€15 AFTER

16 FRESNO & GUESTS
'NOW THAT YOU KNOW ME' EP LAUNCH
TICKET INCLUDES FREE EP
LATE BAND *SPECIAL BREW*
DOORS 8 PM
ADM. €10 B4 10.30/€15 AFTER

23 PENFOLD DM
LATE BAND *THE CAMEMBERT QUARTET*
DOORS 8 PM
ADM. €10 B4 10.30/€15 AFTER

30 DOUBLE HEADLINER WITH KEITH MOSS AND MUMBLIN DEAF RO
LATE BAND *THE TEMPS*
DOORS 8 PM
ADM. €10 B4 10.30/€15 AFTER

THE SUGAR CLUB
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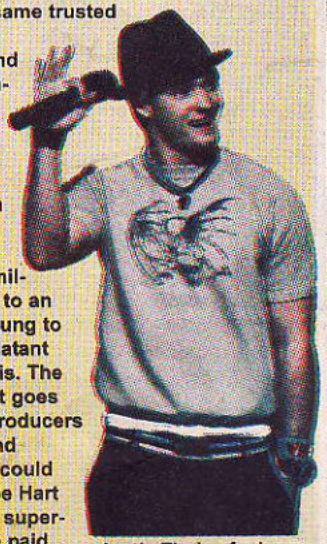
JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE

THURS 22 MAY & FRI 23 MAY
POINT THEATRE €47

LOOKING BACK at his career, you realise that Justin Timberlake has an excellent record of learning the moves and getting on with the job. Whoever is currently manning the controls at Justin plc (given the value of the product we can assume it's not Timberlake himself) deserves a lot of credit at the moment. Timberlake dumped Britney just as his stock was overtaking hers. He has courted credibility through tired and trusted tactics like admitting marijuana use and (more deftly) donning an animal costume to take part in a Flaming Lips' live show.

But the cleverest decision made on Justin's behalf was choosing to base his vocals and dance moves on as close an approximation to Michael Jackson (circa Off The Wall) as was humanly possible. With so many boybands slipping on the banana skin of trying to sound like their newfound 'alternative' heroes, Timberlake avoids it, ironically, by using the indie-ish con of consistently plagiarising from the same trusted source.

On the one hand he's paying homage to "someone whose music was an inspiration blah, blah, blah..." On the other he's using a proven formula to sell millions of records to an audience too young to recognise the blatant theft for what it is. The rest of the credit goes (obviously) to producers the Neptunes and Timbaland who could make Mickey Joe Hart an international superstar if they were paid enough money.



Justin Timberfuck

EX GIRL

WEDNESDAY 7 MAY 8PM
TBMC €TBC

This Japanese all-girl three piece make fairly mad electronic-influenced punk, which ends up sounding a bit like opera. Having listened to them a bit, we have no idea whether they are any good or not, but someone must think so, as they have been let put out three albums and asked back for a return gig only a year after their last Music Centre appearance. The first Ex Girl album was called Big When Far, Small When Close, so they are definitely worth a look if you feel curious or have a need to be musically assaulted.

GEMMA HAYES

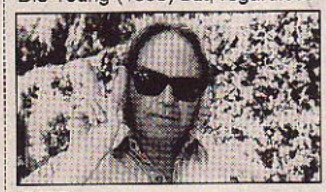
FRIDAY 9 MAY
OLYMPIA €20.50-24.50

"Dreary" and "tedious trad-folkery" are some of the terms the NME has used to describe the music of Gemma Hayes. And for once, the credibility-free rag has it right. Night On My Side, the Tipperary-born singer's debut, is a sincere but leaden album, full of middle-of-the-road, radio-friendly guitar tunes with shit lyrics. Amazingly, it was nominated for a Mercury Award last year. Luckily Hayes was up against some relevant, interesting musicians like Roots Manuva, The Streets and Miss Dynamite, so her Alanis Morrisette-lite rubbish never had a chance. She has her fans here and there'll be plenty at tonight's show, but the best you can expect is a typical night of dull Whelan's folk-rock.

MOGWAI

SATURDAY 10 MAY
THE VILLAGE €20

Scottish noise terrorists Mogwai are already confirmed for Witnness this year, but given the importance of mood and atmosphere to their music, this gig is probably a better opportunity to check them out. Right from the off, with their 4 Satan EP and Young Team LP in 1997, the band marked themselves out as something special. Fiercely independent, largely vocal-free records were bolstered by admirably un-subtle publicity stunts, like claiming Starsailor's James Walsh would shag his granny for a Brit Award and printing up 'Blur are shite' t-shirts. Tonight sees them previewing their new album, Happy Songs for Happy People. They've misfired once before with Come On Die Young (1999) but, regardless of how the new material turns out, their live prowess should make this an excellent gig.



€105

TURBONEGRO

SUPPORT: DIVISION OF LAURA LEE
SUNDAY 11 MAY
WHELAN'S €15.50

This is a bunch of Norwegian nuts that like dressing up in gay sailor suits, wearing lipstick and singing heavy-metal songs about men's arses. We shit you not. Their not-quite-perfect grasp of English leads to some unintentionally funny lines ("I got erection!") but their over-the-top, intelligent hard rock apparently translates a fucking storm live, so we advise you to risk your money on them.

MELANIE C

MONDAY 12 MAY
OLYMPIA €33.50

Like Robbie Williams, Mel C started her solo career as an 'indie' artist with predictably hilarious results (check out her version of Anarchy In The UK for proof.) She soon discovered that this was a waste of time, and reverted to pop music. Now, with two big singles under her belt - Never Be The Same Again and I Turn To You - she is the only former Spice Girl with a career. But her new album (and ill-advised AOR direction) is a fucking disaster. Written by a crack team including Tore Johansson, who wrote Baby One More Time, and Gregg Alexander, who made Ronan Keating even duller on Life Is A Roller Coaster, it is hard to imagine anyone giving a shit about it.

NEIL YOUNG

SUNDAY 11, MONDAY 12 & TUESDAY 13 MAY
VICAR STREET €105

As ticket prices for this sold out gig show, Neil Young is one of rock music's most popular living performers. Whereas someone like Noel Gallagher seems content to rest indefinitely on his meagre laurels, Young's durability is based on his total rejection of complacency - best summed up by 1979's Rust Never Sleeps album. On it, he hailed the rise of punk and told his ageing collaborators Crosby, Stills and Nash to go and fuck themselves ("they were just dead weight to me/ better down the road without that load.") He would go on to work with Sonic Youth in the 80s and Pearl Jam in the 90s. The good news for those who don't have tickets is that his back catalogue is so ludicrously cheap you can buy almost a dozen albums off it with the money you saved.

TOM JONES

WEDNESDAY 14 MAY
POINT THEATRE €40/45/55

There are many old singers whose careers have been prolonged unnaturally by perverted semi-ironic public tolerance. The French have Johnny Halliday. We have Joe Dolan. But hip-swinging, perma-tanned Tom Jones from Wales is the grandaddy of them all. With hits like It's Not Unusual, What's New Pussy Cat? and The Green Green Grass Of Home, he was Elvis Presley's favourite singer of the 60s. And like Elvis he spent most of the 70s doing lucrative Las Vegas residencies. Then from the late 80s through most of the 90s he made some of the most mysteriously successful stabs at suckering a young audience ever seen. Finally last year he came up against Wyclef Jean, a man whose musical buffoonery outstripped even his own, and the resulting album bombed. Jones now sticks to getting menopausal women excited with his hairy chest and his big shiny belt buckle. And we should all be grateful for small mercies.

HOT WATER MUSIC
SUPPORT: DONOTS
THURSDAY 15 MAY
WHELAN'S **€12**

Honest to god, humourless American hardcore is what to expect from this Florida quartet. Modern punk rock can often be drab, off-puttingly righteous and unimaginative to the point of complete pointlessness. But these boys manage to squeeze enough melodies and hooks out of the genre to avoid sounding stale. They've been releasing albums from 1994 and although there hasn't been any real musical progression audible, their fantastic lo-fi, hoarse vocals and aforementioned melodies have ensured their music is accessible without sounding remotely marketed or commercial. Hot Water Music have a strong live reputation in hardcore circles, which means you'll get an unsmiling, workmanlike performance tonight in front of a load of sweaty, unsociable Dublin males.

SHEEP ON DRUGS
FRIDAY 16 MAY **8.30PM**
SIDEWALK **€15 (ON DOOR)**
SUPP: VELVETRON

Hailed as groundbreaking and exciting back in 1992 by Melody Maker and the NME, Sheep on Drugs have spent the last ten years doing absolutely nothing. Then all of a sudden they're playing in a dirty little venue off O'Connell St. We have no idea what to expect from this one. Maybe the lost years were spent honing their nihilistic techno-industrial-rock drivel into Nine Inch Nails inspired genius, but we wouldn't count on it.

FLOGGING MOLLY
FRIDAY 16 MAY
WHELAN'S **€16**

This lot produce a decent blend of punk and trad music which, while failing to reach the dizzy heights of, say, vintage Pogues certainly holds its own. Based in Los Angeles but featuring an Irish-American line-up, the band first gained notice with their Swagger album, whose success they failed to capitalize on with the shit Drunken Lullabies. They'll probably put on an acceptable live show, although nothing to get too exited about.

Love

RADIOHEAD
SAT 17 & SUNDAY 18 MAY
OLYMPIA

If you want to read something profound about Radiohead's music, piss off and buy Q or something. It'll only cost about €10 and will probably have some burnt-out bitch like Madonna on the cover because she's getting a push from her record company. What is interesting about this gig is that most people won't know it's on, as no publicity was done. Instead of going through the usual channels, Radiohead have pretty much organised it themselves, bypassing, to a certain extent, asshole promoters like MCD and Ticketmaster. This short tour of small venues was announced via their website, and tickets - which were gone almost immeadiately - sold through their merchandise site waste.uk.com. Ironically, this tactic backfired somewhat when tickets began appearing on e-bay at 4 times the face value, but apparently attempts are being made to track down touts and invalidate their tickets. Anyhow, if you've got a ticket you're a lucky cunt, and if you don't, they'll be doing a more conventional large-scale tour in the autumn.

PAUL MCCARTNEY
TUESDAY 27 MAY
RDS **€75/105**

From splitting up the Beatles in 1970 to altering the credits for songs like Let It Be and Eleanor Rigby on his 2002 live album ("there was an agreement between us that if we ever wanted to we could switch the names", he lied) it is hard to avoid the conclusion that Paul McCartney is the man for whom the word cunt was invented. He has a wrap sheet longer than the Dublin Spire: Oh Bla De, Oh Bla Da; Wings; Pretending John Lennon didn't hate his guts; Rewriting history to decide that the Beatles didn't actually smoke dope in Buckingham Palace and picking up a knighthood in the process; nauseating flag-waving exploitation of 9/11 to put bums on seats in America. And that's before we even get to the Frog Chorus. Credit where it's due, McCartney has an extraordinary gift for melody. But not since the 60s has he found a collaborator with the bottle to kerb his cheesy tendencies. John and George are dead. McCartney is in the middle of the biggest grossing tour of all time. God is taking the piss.

THE FOLK IMPLOSION
FRIDAY 30 MAY
TBMC **€TBC**

Lou Barlow - the only remaining original member of The Folk Implosion - has a reputation for unpredictable and often disappointing live performances. But if you go along to this gig with low expectations then you might be pleasantly surprised. From the band's genesis in the early 90s, Barlow and librarian John Davis put out a steady stream of lo-fi, grungy material, including the inspired One Part Lullaby album, and a top forty hit, Natural One, which was taken from the soundtrack to Larry Clark's brilliantly bleak film Kids. Then Davis got the fuck out of it, leaving Barlow to soldier on alone, producing the likeable but ungreat New Folk Implosion album.

MUMBLING DEF RO & KEITH MOSS
FRIDAY 30 MAY **8PM**
SUGAR CLUB **€10**

Following the release of his low-key but excellent debut, Senor My Friend, Ronan Hession aka Mumbling Def Ro plays a nice cheap gig in the only decent night club on Leeson St. We've no idea what he's like live, but his album his full of nice folk-pop moments and great lines such as "There's a million guys like myself, doing one thing when their heart is somewhere else." Also on the bill is Keith Moss, a man who has taken lo-fi to new levels, by releasing a couple of albums which sound like drunken Beachboys recorded in Beck's jacks.

ACID MOTHERS TEMPLE
FRI 30TH MAY
THE VILLAGE **€TBC**

Bizarre crowd of psychedelic Japanese fuckers.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
SATURDAY 31 MAY
RDS **ESOLD OUT**

Anyone who witnessed Springsteen's last Irish gig will tell you that the Boss still puts on a pretty amazing show. Since his early days as a New Jersey Dylan-wannabe, Springsteen has kept on writing the same kind of straight-up rock'n'roll anthems for the American common man, and despite his lack of street cred, he does it far better than anybody else. Best known for the bombast of Born in the USA (probably the most misinterpreted song of all time) he's also demonstrated on albums like the understated Nebraska and the recent Ghost of Tom Joad, that he is an equal to the likes of Dylan, Waits and Young when it comes to storytelling and balladry. It was no surprise to see him recording an album inspired by September 11, but the whole thing sounded a bit rushed and unconvincing by his standards. Live he does a mix of old and new, while leaping about like a possessed teenager.

Another €105 cunt - what's with the pained expression?

MC SUPERNATURAL
SATURDAY 31 MAY
TBMC **€TBC**

Unspectacular on record, but unique live, this MC is the king of improvised rap. He specialises in having the audience throw whatever stupid words jump into their stoned brains at him which he then uses to rhyme with. The effects are often - particularly for first time viewers - dazzling, especially by the standards of most live US hip hop. Well worth investigating.

Once Off Clubbing

DR BOB JONES
FRIDAY 2 MAY
METROPOLITAN €12

TAKE A look at the DJ scene's big boys - Paul Oakenfold, Pete Tong, Laurent Garnier, etc. They all seem to be closing rapidly in on middle age. Carl Cox, meanwhile, should surely be dead by now. Dr Bob Jones, though, will give you proper old - he's been DJing for 36 years. Actually out there giving it some when Garnier et al were still shitting in their nappies. Starting out in 1971, he made a name as one of the first DJs to play jazz - as opposed to the pop hits, soul, ska or heavy rock that were the standard jock fodder of the era. Jones was heavily involved in the first Caister Soul Weekend - a noted breeding ground for the likes of Tong, Ashley Beadle, Terry Farley and many other Brit soulboys turned house-heads. Amongst Britain's first acid house generation, he's considered to be (with the possible exception of Norman Jay) the original Godfather of UK dance. Still none of that would mean shit if he wasn't worth going to see now. Which he is. Putting out excellent deep soul and house on his Chillifunk label, alongside Phil Asher and Lofty, Jones still has an acute dancefloor instinct (even if it is one that's aimed squarely at the old stagers who frequent this Hustle club night.) He covers an area which somehow includes soul, house and afrobeat while holding down a moderate, relaxed groove that's not going to affect any of the pace-makers in the crowd. Well recommended if you're looking for something to get your teeth into. Assuming you still have teeth.

Dr. Bob making sure his teeth are still there

DJ DIE AND KRUST (LIVE)
FRIDAY 2 MAY
RED BOX €15

Bristol drum n bass is getting a good innings in Dublin at the moment with Roni Size making a rare enough DJ appearance at the Music Centre last month and now his even lesser spotted labelmates Die and Krust. The fact that they're appearing under the banner of Kumanchi (a sometime studio/live collaboration) unfortunately doesn't bode as well as a straight-ahead DJ set from either or both of them. In DJ mode these veterans can turn a club inside out with the kind of stripped-down brutally funky dubs they're constantly lashing out on Full Cycle - music made strictly for the dancefloor. But showcasing Kumanchi material live means this dancefloor concentration will probably be softened in favour of organic improvisation and other shit that would make you run for the hills. Even with this handicap, their here-from-the-beginning drum n bass seasoning should ensure that booties will still shake. Support from Kormac and Roscoe.

MEDICINE8
FRIDAY 2 MAY
SPIRIT €15

It's hard to understand the frequency of this pair's appearances here (last seen six weeks ago). Their production work is certainly no excuse - it's been steadily going down the jacks since 1999's Capital Rocker. The most recent Medicine8 release, Rock Music Pays Off, almost plumbs the depths of Apollo 440 - apart from the ass-saving King Britt mix, which was probably more damage limitation on behalf of their record company than inspiration from them. Having said that, their Paddy's weekend show in the Tivoli was going alright until Jon Carter came on and wrecked it with some of the worst music heard in Dublin in years.

JURGEN VRIES
FRIDAY 2 MAY
TIVOLI €16.90

Darren Tate makes the same shit trance music under a variety of exciting banners - Citizen Caned, Orion and Angelic (when he teams up with Judge Jules' talentless boot of a wife, Angel). For his latest disaster, The Theme, Darren is calling himself Jurgen Vries. He's a regular at Gatecrasher so, in the same spirit, it's urged that you Gatecrash this gig and paintball the bastard before he even gets on the decks.

ASHLEY BEEDLE
SATURDAY 3 MAY
TIVOLI €16.90

Perhaps the most accomplished X-Press 2 member, Ashley Beedle doesn't hang around waiting on his band mates to get their heads out of their arses every 10 years and make a record. He has his own label, Afro Art and plenty of guises under which he's forever churning out good quality stuff, most notably his string-drenched gem New Jersey Deep as Black Science Orchestra. Critics seem to be still wetting their jocks over his recent-ish remix of Bent's Always, despite the fact that - with its flowery piano and ethereal wailing - it's just Lazy put through a ponce-a-tron. His varied, tasteful sets promise a good quality night out though. You could definitely do worse. Support from Influx residents.

DAVE CLARKE
SATURDAY 3 MAY
RED BOX €20

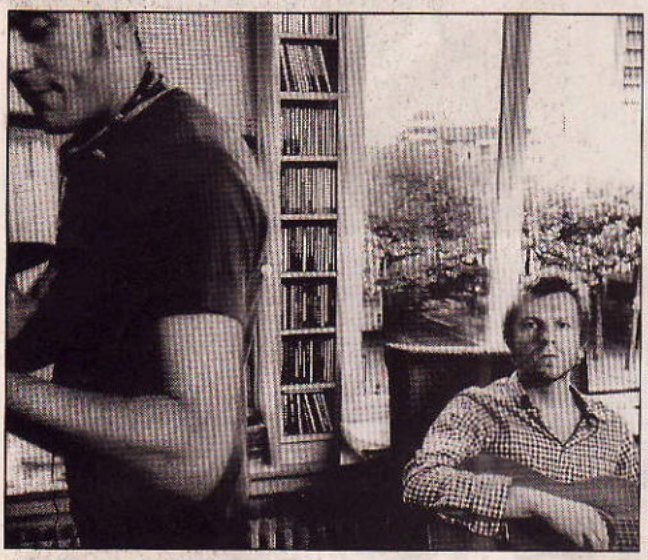
There's not much you could want to know about Dave Clarke that we haven't told you already but the short version is - good in electro mode, average in techno mode. Thankfully he's more electro than techno these days. Doesn't always give his best here in Dublin but seemingly would be invited back with open arms even if he dropped his kacks and took a shite on the mixer. Support from Robbie Butler.

UBERDRUCK
SATURDAY 3 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Two anonymous Germans are behind the bulk of the suicidally annoying output on Uberdruck Records. Strictly for sculled-out-of-it lads who consume music on a not-for-pleasure basis, the measure of Uberdruck can be found simply by pointing you in the direction of their recent release, Bloody Slut. This delightful article has been compared to DJ Ripper's hard house gonzo massacre Chainsaw. In the same way that you could compare Hitler to Pol Pot. Support from Jay Pidgeon.

FIRING SQUAD
SUNDAY 4 MAY
COYOTE €8

Odds on, then, you'd think the piss was being ripped if someone recommended you spend your bank holiday Sunday in the Coyote Lounge. But Firin' Squad of Kiss 100FM are actually an excellent hip-hop/rnb DJ act. Responsible for compiling and mixing the consistently excellent Pure RnB mix CD series, they're here to launch the latest installment. Support from Stevie G.



The Magnus lads

CARL CRAIG
SUNDAY 4 MAY
RED BOX €20

Some Detroit DJs have a rep for no-shows, like Suburban Knight. Others, like Juan Atkins or Robert Hood have become known as pretentious gits. Carl Craig, unfortunately, has a name for being shit. At a number of Dublin gigs in the past (especially his support of Underworld in The Point), he's demonstrated a distinct inability to just throw two records together without fucking up. Obviously someone's sent him to the DJ equivalent of grinds school recently, because last October in the Tivoli, he seemed to have just about mastered the basics, although he still managed to demonstrate little or no dancefloor instinct. He's admittedly a great producer though, with a massive legacy of top material. If you want to hear good Detroit techno and deep house records tonight, he's your man - just don't expect any DJ acrobatics. Support from Robbie Butler.

MARCO V
SUNDAY 4 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

He cancelled his Temple appearance at the last minute in March, but unfortunately you're not getting away that easily from Dutchman Marco V. As well as racking out a trillion or so hard trance records over the last few years, Marco did pretty well out of his unimaginative remix of Energy 52's Café Del Mar last year. However, he's not too keen on anyone doing well out of his own material. Marco's anti-download stance is clear from one of his more recent track titles, C:\del.mp3. This is what somebody in 1985 would have typed into their computer if they wanted to delete all their mp3s. According to Marco, this is not a massively po-faced anti-piracy statement, but some kind of nerdy computer joke - the joke being that this is apparently a nonsensical command. Either that's Dutch humour at its most glorious or this shyster is trying to backpedal to fuck. Support from Ken Tobin.

DAVID MORALES
SUNDAY 4 MAY
SPIRIT €20

According to the publicity bilge coming out of Spirit for this gig, David Morales is "the biggest DJ in the world". Perhaps David - a renowned exercise maniac with abs that would slice granite - has packed in the gym and is now living on Burger King and takeout Chinese. Whatever the 'biggest' refers to, it could hardly be his global status as a DJ. At least ten other names come to mind ahead of him, no matter what your musical persuasion. He hasn't done anything interesting since the mid-90s. Even back then, his Needing U (1996) was an agreeable enough tit-jiggling Ibiza anthem - but the two kitchen sink remixes he did for Mariah Carey were fucking shite. Furthermore, the last time "the world's biggest DJ" played here nobody came to see him. The Redbox was almost totally empty and Morales abandoned the decks half an hour into his set, only returning periodically to slap on another handbag anthem when the previous one had run out. Don't bother going near this arrogant, talentless cunt. Support from Hugh Scully.

MAGNUS
SUNDAY 4 MAY
VILLAGE €17

Just when you thought CJ Bolland was irredeemably crap, up he crops in a promising new project alongside Deus' frontman Tom Barman. Upfront, bouncy electro with a European feel has been the order of the day for Magnus so far. Apparently as a live prospect, they are a large and unwieldy band, with more cunts in it than Dexy's Midnight Runners, so Tom and CJ have stripped it down to just the two of them DJing for most gigs, such as tonight. Expect an electro-based cut and paste deck frenzy not dissimilar to fellow countrymen Soulwax/ 2 Many DJs. Support from Gedge and Gint.

TIMO MAAS
FRIDAY 9 MAY
SPIRIT €15

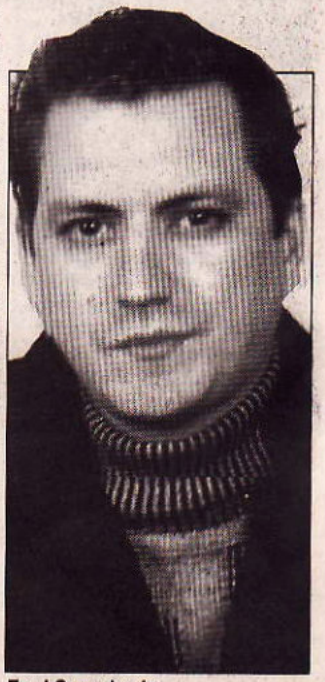
What has Timo Maas been doing recently in his quest to become 'Germany's Answer To Fatboy Slim'? Maybe sending his wife out to get shafted by a few dudes in front of the tabloid photographers. Whatever. Apart from the sound of his whored-out tracks trying to sell you something on the telly, Timo has been quiet of late. Perhaps he is still keeping his head down in shame after his last Red Box gig - one of the most famous letdowns Dublin has seen in years. By all accounts, he couldn't have read the crowd worse if he'd had an eyeless gimp mask on, tossing dated tunes and a clutch of his own remixes (no matter how old) at them. Add that gig to the heavy involvement of outside producers and engineers in his music (especially long-time 'collaborator' Martin Buttrich) and the suspicious similarity between his signature Azzido Da Bass remix and DJ Dah's That Zipper Track, and it has to be asked - is Timo Maas a big faker? Pop along tonight if you have a few bob to spare and find out for sure.

FRED EVERYTHING
FRIDAY 9 MAY
SWITCH €12

Or Fred Anyone because, as far most people are concerned, he could be anyone. But if you're the type who examines every page of Jockey Slut like an old lad with his mortgage, then you'll probably know that Canadian Frederic Blais is a micro-star of deep house. Production-wise, he turned heads last year with Missy Thing (a housed-up bootleg of Missy Elliot's Lick Shots) and his excellent debut album Under The Sun. That he releases on 20:20, DIY and Seasons should fill you in on what to expect - gentle, bubbling, culchie deep house, produced to within an inch of its life. Support from Sean Scully.

SEANIE B
FRIDAY 9 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

The man with the culchiest name in dance music has played the Temple a few times since they began their policy of seemingly only booking DJs from BBC Radio 1Xtra. Expect the usual urban mix, but whereas other regular Rhythm Corporation guests lean heavily on hip-hop, which can turn the atmosphere a bit blokey, Seani's sideline is ragga and dancehall. Bring your Shabba Ranks shades. Support from Frank Jez.



Fred Somebody

SCRATCH ATTACK

BY SOME odd coincidence, there seem to be a load of turntablists or deck-nicians or whatever retarded name they're currently calling themselves, on our doorstep this month. If you're into watching grown men fool about trying to operate record players with their elbows and knobs simultaneously, consult our guide to help you make the best choice.

What's all this DMC shite about?

The Disco Mix Club was founded in 1983 by Tony Prince as a record-pooling club for DJs. Most of the members were naturally flash bastards, so they soon wanted a yearly competition to see who was the best. This contest was a fairly dull affair until 1986 when American DJ Cheese introduced scratching and novelty tricks into the proceedings and won hands down. Since then the annual DMC World Championships is a sort of turntable Olympics for young men with too much time on their hands. In 1996, another avenue for showing off on the decks appeared in the form of the International Turntablist Federation, or ITF, championships. This had far more specific categories like beat juggling and teams.

Where would I go for some scratch-action in Dublin?

Turntablist collective Choice Cuts run bi-monthly Friday nights in RiRa and a weekly Thursday night in the Chocolate Bar. Among their members is DJ Mek, who is by far the best at it in Ireland but is prone to getting himself in trouble by setting the decks on fire (as he did at the 1996 Irish DMCs in protest at something or other) or refusing to stop playing until the bouncers drag him off the stage. Rock on Mek.

PLUS ONE

SUNDAY 4 MAY
WHELAN'S €15

If you missed the Scratch Perverts in the Red Box last month, crew member Plus One will be happy to oblige. Although he won the DMC World Championship in 2001, it was probably because the previous year's winners, Craze and Dexter declined to partake. Without the Perverts' multi-deck lunacy and ensemble sparks, the casual onlooker may find little to keep their interest with the result that all that scratching may definitely make you itch - to get the fuck out.

DEXTER

FRIDAY 9 MAY
RED BOX €15

Dexter may be the Avalanches' resident DJ, but he's really only a hired hand whose involvement extends as far as squiggling a few noises on their tracks. He was runner up to Craze at the 2001 World DMCs and, at solo gigs like this, he cuts up classic and obscure hip-hop, rock, funk and soul. Which puts him roughly in the same category as Grandmaster Flash, except he isn't nearly as flash, preferring a subtle approach as opposed to gimmicky tricks.

SHORTKUT

SATURDAY 17 MAY
THE VILLAGE €17.50

As a lesser member of the world class Invisible Scratch Piklz, and a sometime member of the Beat Junkies, Shortkut's credentials may not match up to those of Craze. Nor is his place in history as definite as someone like Grandmaster Flash. But for those who'd rather see deck-bashing antics integrated into a proper mix set, he's more likely to be your man. This gig is being advertised as a club set so expect something more conventional but still fairly impressive. Support from Tu-Ki

GRANDMASTER FLASH

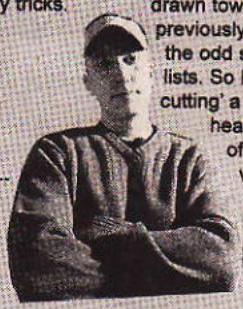
FRIDAY 23 MAY
RED BOX €15

Hip-hop legend has conspired to dubiously credit Grandmaster Flash with the invention of scratching. Myth or no myth, his Grandmaster Flash On The Wheels Of Steel in 1981 was the first record to replicate the sound of Bronx block parties on vinyl. Although the art of turntablism quickly outgrew him, he's worth a check as living proof of the old way of doing things - chopping up anything from rock to disco alongside hip hop with plenty of crowd-pleasing party tricks. Recommended.

CRAZE

FRIDAY 30 MAY
RED BOX
€15

In 1998, turntablism was ratcheted up a gear when Miami's Craze snapped the World DMC Champion title from 16-year-old upstart A-Trak (originally on the bill for tonight). Craze has more or less hogged it since, declining to defend the title since 2001 to spare everyone's embarrassment. He's also the driving force behind The Allies - a turntable supergroup that somehow manages not to sound like the scratch equivalent of six Eric Claptons playing at the same time. Craze's deck skills are, to say the least, breathtaking. Also, the fact that he works through drum n bass means that the music will probably be less predictable and there's less chance of having to put up with the same old breaks and samples that come at you every 20 seconds at a normal turntablist gig.



DJ NOIZE

FRIDAY 9 MAY
TBMC €12

In an area where everyone seems to piss themselves with excitement each time a DJ comes up with the slightest variation on a technique, DJ Noize (below) is a rare commodity - an innovator. He found himself drawn towards lyrics, which had previously only been used for the odd sound-bite by turntablists. So he developed 'lyric cutting' a complex and frankly head-wrecking technique of chopping up bits of vocals to make new sentences, hooks and phrases. It won him the 1996 DMC title hands down, has been widely copied and is exceptionally entertaining to watch. For sheer fun, he's probably the best bet of this lot. Support from Exile Eye.

JOHN DOE

FRIDAY 9 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €15

Fitting in perfectly with the spirit of aural mutilation at the Temple's weekly hard house session is John Doe. Originally a happy hardcore maniac, he's settled down into the relatively sedate hard house scene in the last few years, recording for Movement records before setting up his own UK Hard label and studio with hardcore granddad and scene veteran, Billy 'Daniel' Bunter. It's guaranteed that this night will not be a pretty sight. Support from Alan Pullen.

DETROIT GRAND PUBAH

FRIDAY 9 MAY
TRAFFIC €8

Sandwiches by Detroit Grand Pubah was a landmark record. Strangely enough for a landmark record, it actually wrecked most people's heads. Even now, three years on, it crops up as a tune that some people hate with a vengeance. But its quirky fusion of electro, local ghetto-tech and Green Velvet/ Prince-style lewd spoken word vocals somehow linked Detroit with Chicago house street-wiggle in a way that seemed fresh and challenging. As well as appearing in many and varied record boxes, it pointed the way towards electroclash and is still a heavily bootlegged favourite within that scene. However their follow-up album, Funk Funk Y'all plumbed depths of cod-sexy embarrassment not seen since The Outhere Brothers. Lets hope they've got a little better since then. Support from D1 Residents.

D1's Eamonn Doyle - supporting Detroit Grand Pubah

CLUBBING FOR DUBLIN CONTINUES AFTER CULCHIE CORNER

CULCHIE CORNER

POLSKA LIVE
THURSDAY 1 MAY
THE GLOBE, LIMERICK €7
FRIDAY 2 MAY
COSMOS (THE MET), ENNIS €5

One of Dublin's most promising drum n bass producers is doing another tour of the bogs. Last month he was playing Cork, now folk in Limerick and Clare can have a go getting their heads around his 180 b.p.m. music.

MR C
SATURDAY 3 MAY
THE FORUM, WATERFORD €10

A well-known lover of international travel and exotic gigs, ex-Shamen frontman turned tech-house guru Mr C will be delighted to find Waterford on his itinerary between Barcelona and the Taj Mahal. His tendency to rap in cockney rhyming slang over the latest in tech-house should keep the natives suitably baffled.

MARCO V
SATURDAY 5 MAY
ENIGMA, CARRICKMACROSS €20

Head back a few pages to read fully about this Dutch hard trance dude because he's playing the Temple Theatre on Sunday 4 May. Though you might not want to bother. Things are bad enough if you're stuck in Carickmacross tonight.

DAVE CLARKE
SUNDAY 4 MAY
DOC'S, LIMERICK €20

The king of the quick mix and the long face is playing the Red Box on Saturday 3 May so flick back through this section to read more about him.

THE NEW ALUMNISTS
SUNDAY 4 MAY
THE FORUM, WATERFORD €10

There's more to the Nordies than kneecappings, pipebombs and Phil Kieran. Belfast's New Alumnists do a fine line in dirty, 80s-influenced house - like Chicken Lips without all the fannying around and keyboard solos. This is almost worth braving a trip to Waterford for.

SUPERFAST OZ AND JUSTIN BOURNE
SUNDAY 4 MAY
ENIGMA, CARRICKMACROSS €TBC

This should please the anthropologists among you who are waiting on the Sunday train to Dublin. Alpha Bogman in his most primitive pill-chewing state is likely to surround you at this intestine-challenging UK hard house double bill. Bring your camera. And send us the photos.

RACHEL AUBURN AND BUNNY
SATURDAY 17 MAY
REGAL LODGE, WEXFORD €TBC

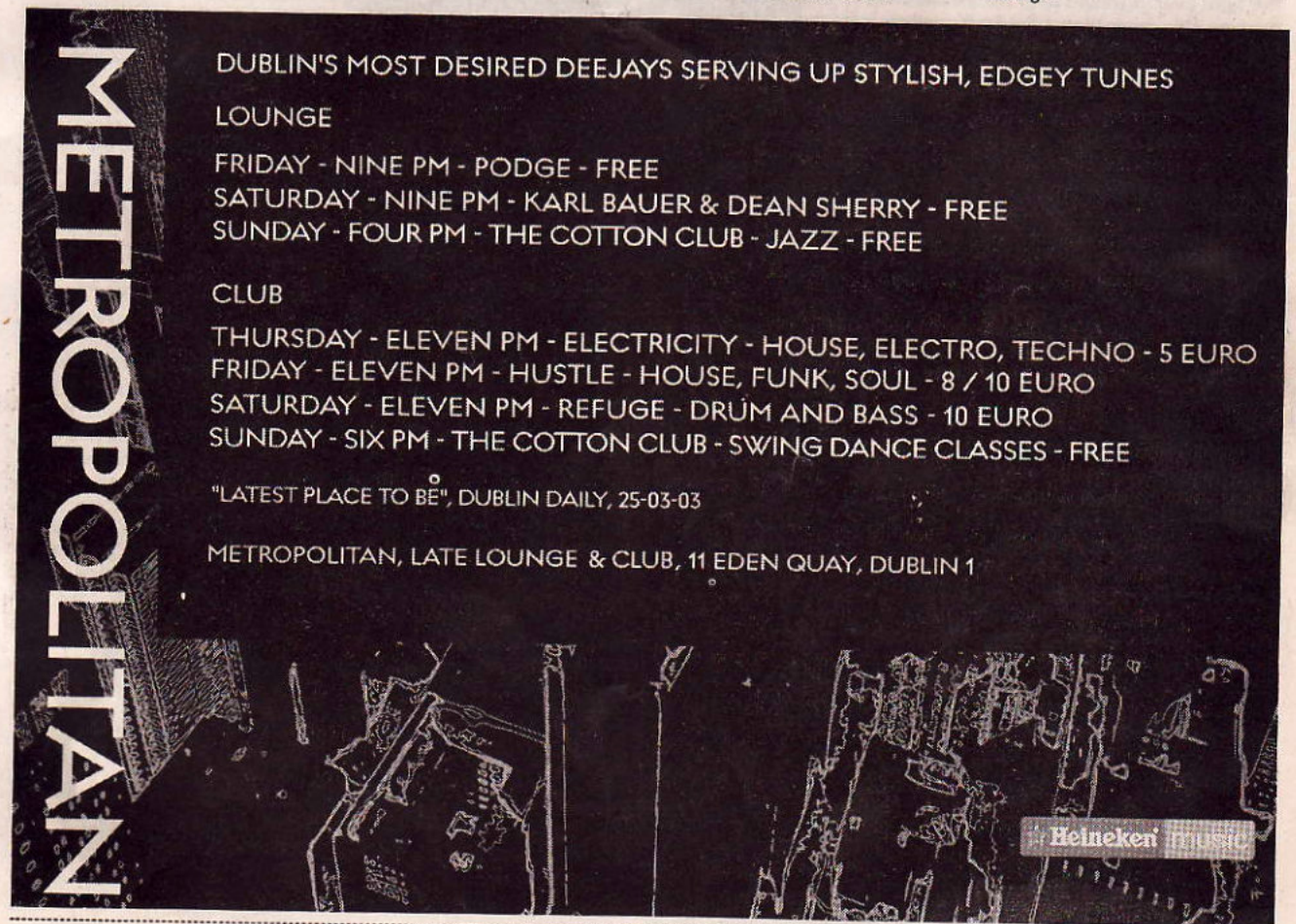
In keeping with general tradition down the country, Rachel Auburn's hard house set should lift you out of it (is this what they mean by 'uplifting'?) with thumping, insane shit that will have you reaching for the pills, whether they be medicinal or recreational. Bunny is some bird from Dublin who plays on Kiss FM.

SLAM
FRIDAY 23 MAY
THE SAVOY, CORK €15

Orde Miekle and Stuart McMillan are usually a decent enough bet if you want a night of funky techno, running from tuneful to hectic. Not spectacular but the alternatives in Limerick tonight are certain to be bleak.

ADAM BEYER
FRIDAY 30 MAY
CLUB RENAISSANCE, CORK €12

If there are any techno nerds in Cork, you're sure to be falling over them at this appearance by Swedish nu-techno god Adam Beyer. Fairly harsh stuff at the best of times but rewarding enough.



DANNY RAMPLING

FRIDAY 30 MAY
SPIRIT €15

ANOTHER ONE of these old lads who are regularly credited with inventing dance music, Danny Rampling has indeed made contributions to modern club culture - whether we needed them or not is a different matter.

Upon returning to the UK from an Ibizan holiday in 1987, Rampling set out to recreate the magical, spiritual atmosphere he'd experienced on the island. He rented a space in the local gym, got a load of pills, some strawberry smoke, and a strobe in, and then had all his trendy mates round for a lock in. Wherein all present proceeded to get muntered and dance around to Chris Rea and It's Immaterial records. It was called Shoom and - believe it or not - this was the start of acid house.

Instead of calling for his imprisonment, people flocked to the thing every week, which is where Rampling's second dubious contribution to dance music comes in - cuntish door policies. Despite the 'one love' MDMA philosophy touted by the club's apostles, Shoom was a pain in the gee to get into if you didn't have the right gear. It wasn't long before the club became little more than a tie-dyed, smiley-faced Studio 54. Thankfully, though, Rampling couldn't sit on the secret for long and acid house behaviour was soon breaking out all over London and beyond.

He still managed to bum a DJ career out of it though. His poxy BBC Radio 1 Saturday night show (for years a jarring combination of US house and psychedelic trance) was axed recently for being not as good as Pete Tong - and proper order too. Tonight you can expect soulful house and tribal shit in a similar but not-as-good vein to recent Spirit guests Ray Roc and Yousef. So if you were at them, give this Party Dad a miss. Support from Spirit Residents.

Fat Chancer

ROB TISSERA
SATURDAY 10 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

There is literally nothing to recommend this chap unless you've got a perverse taste for substandard trance. Rob Tissera occasionally releases supremely ignorable records under his RT guise but is mainly known for being the very epitome of a UK/Ibiza havin' it goon. If you like the sound of that, you're more than welcome to him. Support from Ken Tobin.

HIGH CONTRAST
SATURDAY 10 MAY
TIVOLI €16.90

Around this time last year, a raw basic bootleg started turning up in the sets of harder-edged drum n bass DJs. It blended elements of RIP Groove (a speed garage belter by Double 99), Andy C and Shinnon's Body Rock and, crucially, the vocal from The Streets' Has It Come To This. The effect of this livewire combination was to effortlessly shake up dancefloors and raise eyebrows on the way to getting an official release as a Streets b-side. Soon enough, the name High Contrast started being bandied about, and he is now living proof that you don't have to be a middle aged bruiser from some dodgy part of London to make it in drum n bass (Lincoln Barratt is from miserable Cardiff and he's barely 20). As his recent album True Colours proves, Barratt is an exceptionally talented producer/DJ, and a good night of varied, dancefloor friendly drum n bass can be expected. Support from Razor and Beckett.

Promoters and other club cunts - send your listings to clubbing@theslate.ie

THE HACKER
THURSDAY 15 MAY
METROPOLITAN €8

This French electro-techno chap was due to play last month and had to cancel at the last minute so his appearance has been rescheduled for tonight. He was previewed fully in our April issue so you can go and find it yourself. Support from Giles Armstrong.

DANNY HOWELLS
SATURDAY 17 MAY
RED BOX €20

Howells is often described as a progressive DJ but this tag is definitely too restrictive. His DJing style has developed hugely since he held the support slot at Bedrock and he's now just as likely to be banging out techno as progressive. An excellent Essential Mix containing tracks by artists as diverse as The Doves, The Beastie Boys, Spooky, Prince and The Beatles is an indication of his true musical range. While you're not likely to cop these extremes tonight, expect a little more than homogenous prog all night.

TRANSPARENT SOUND & BILLY NASTY
THURSDAY 22 MAY
METROPOLITAN €12

Fans of brooding electro should perk up a bit at the news of the UK's Transparent Sound (Martin Brown and Orson Bramley) making a live appearance. Their Emotional Amputation album on Electrix is a good pointer if you're considering this gig - not exactly jump-up-and-be-smiley piano anthems but engaging and atmospheric nonetheless. More interesting is Billy Nasty - interesting only from the viewpoint of whether he can manage to bore everyone as comprehensively playing electro as he does with techno. Support from Simon Conway and Giles Armstrong.

ERICK MORILLO
FRIDAY 23 MAY
SPIRIT €15

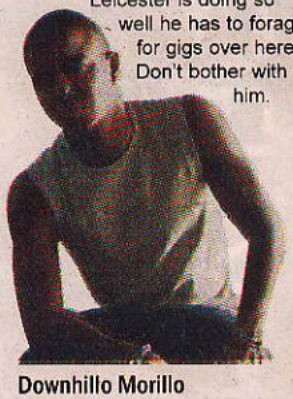
The once untouchable Morillo (below) has been coming under fire lately for the predictability of his output on Subliminal - his own mate DJ Sneak recently wrote the Subliminal sound off as "a bullshit formula". It's cheesy bird music at its most shameless but he does the job better than anyone and can occasionally get tougher in a Junior Jack/ punky filter style. And his white-suit, flash git routine will for once be nicely in line with the venue in question. Support from Spirit residents.

STRETCH TAYLOR
FRIDAY 23 MAY
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

What the fuck? This lad was only over last month with his rnb. And only six weeks before that. Can they not think of any other DJs to book? Support from Frank Jez.

JFK
FRIDAY 23 MAY
TIVOLI €16.90

Friday nights at the Tivoli are in for a change, with I Love House being replaced by a system of promoters who rotate from week to week. This means that, in their desperation to fill the club, they are reduced to booking DJs like this cunt. He's a trance peddler whose 'super' club Passion in Leicester is doing so well he has to forage for gigs over here. Don't bother with him.



Downhillo Morillo

NICOLA CONTE
FRIDAY 23 MAY
LOBO €13

Italian men have a rep for being precious nonces, who throw dramatic mickey fits if their fettuccine isn't served *al dente* and at the right temperature. That's not the half of it though. The Eye-ties have recently started giving the Yanks a run for their money in the DJs-With-Girls-Names stakes: witness Andrea Doria and his Bucci Bag, and now the return of Schema Records' Nicola Conte. Nicola has been slagged before in these pages for his dodgy name and you'd think he'd have the decency to change it to something like Machismo Pectorelli before setting foot on God-fearing Irish soil again. There's a touch of the used car salesman about Conte too, in that he appears to have wrung three albums (Bossa Per Due, Jet Sounds and Jet Sounds Revisited) out of the same bunch of tunes. Still, it's pleasant, loungey downtempo stuff, so you shouldn't expect anything taxing on the ears or legs. Support from Ultra Lounge residents.

DIRTY VEGAS
SATURDAY 24 MAY
RED BOX €20

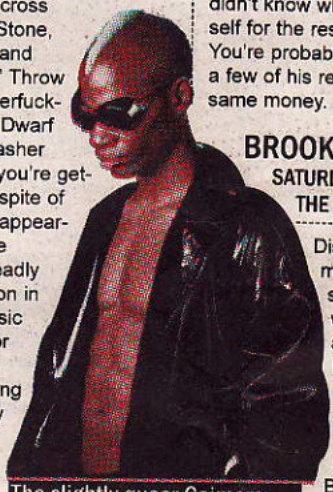
Paul Harris and Ben Harris (not related) and Steve Smith came from varying musical backgrounds and were drawn together by one thing - the desire to make unpleasantly proggy vocal house. They made good on this aspiration with 2001's Days Go By. It was a minor chart hit in Britain, mainly due to the fact that Paul's old mate Pete Tong played it so many times on his Essential Selection that everyone had to pretend they liked it. It's bad enough that they're appearing at all, instead of disappearing back to obscurity with their one hit. Support from Robbie Butler. STOP THE PRESS - Thank god. We just heard that this gig is probably not going ahead.

LOVE GROCER
WEDNESDAY 28 MAY
PARNELL MOONEY €9

Reggae events tend to be either purely record-playing affairs or else a sprawling, cumbersome live band, both of which lose the sound system edge so crucial to the music. The UK's Love Grocer - Chris Petter and David Fulwood - attempt an interesting happy medium, playing live horns and keyboard over their own pre-recorded material and a selection of dub and roots. Joining them on vocals tonight will be Dreadzone's Spee. Support from Firehouse Skank Residents.

CAJMERE
SATURDAY 31 MAY
RED BOX €20

This Chicago madlad describes himself as "a cross between Sly Stone, Grace Jones and David Bowie." Throw in some motherfuckers from Red Dwarf and a Gatecrasher casualty and you're getting warm. In spite of his ridiculous appearance, Cajmere deserves a deadly serious mention in the house music hall of fame for almost single-handedly putting the Windy City back on the map in the mid 90s, with his twin Cajual and Relief labels. That said, his recent La-La-Land semi-hit is very annoying - all the more so because it won't fuck off, with a remix package and now an electro bootleg keeping it in DJs' sets. Expect everyone to sing along like morons when he churns it out. That's not all you'll have to worry about either, as reports from his Mono gig last year claimed he blew his load with all the well-known stuff during the first 20 minutes and then didn't know what to do with himself for the rest of the night. You're probably better off buying a few of his records with the same money.


The slightly queer Cajmere

BROOKS
SATURDAY 31 MAY
THE BAR €8

Disgusting trendiness may reach a seasonal peak tonight with the debut DJ appearance of Brooks. Andrew Brooks (who for some reason likes to pretend he is in a Christian Brothers school by referring to himself only by his surname) is very hot stuff. Hot stuff, that is, with bad-haircut fashion casualties who check the internet every three minutes to see what's hot and drag a shopping trolley of monthly magazines behind them just in case they've missed anything. Support from Tayor and Ronan Flynn.

LEE COOMBES
SATURDAY 31 MAY
TIVOLI €16.90

Thinking himself a right clever bastard, the UK's Lee Coombes came up with the bright idea of joining two hideously dull dance sub-genres - nu skool breaks and tribal house - in unholy and uninteresting matrimony. The result was his 2000 remix of DJ Blah's My Definition - destroying the original's Cypress Hill-sampling West Coast swagger with congas and whoosh noises. All sorts of boring DJs loved it so he's been churning out that kind of shit ever since. Don't forget to pack the Roach tablets in case your heart just slows down and stops. Support from Glen Brady who will want to have learned a fair few tricks in New York to make up for Coombs.

SVEN VATH
FRIDAY 30 MAY
TIVOLI €16.90

Although Sven Vath's 2001 set in Mono was acclaimed as one of the better gigs of that year, it won't be remembered for the music. What sticks in most people's minds is how Sven apparently sidled up to local techno promoter Louise Mahon post-gig and offered to "suck your titties and fuck you up the ass". Unsurprisingly, this silver-tongued approach resulted in an instant knock-back, and the incident achieved fame among Dublin dance-hacks when Mahon posted it on cyber forum ie-dance the following week. The German Jimmy Saville' - as she described him - will not presumably be regaling his grand children with that particular story. Another thing he's probably not keen on dwelling upon is the fact that he more or less invented trance. Welding the synth-laden music of his teenage years (electronic turd-fests from the likes of Tangerine Dream and Ryuchi Sakamoto) onto the futuristic throb of house music during the E'd up idealism of the early 90s must have seemed like a grand idea.

If truth be told, it was - for a while. Vath was instrumental in founding Harthouse Records, the first label to specialise in the trance sound. It's subsidiary, Eye Q, was arguably the finest the genre will ever see. But by 1994, the quality on both labels was thinning and Sven fucked himself badly the same year with a preposterous concept album, The Harlequin, The Robot And The Ballet Dancer. This unspeakable piss-barrel of a record got world-beating bad reviews, seemingly enough for Sven to ditch trance and move in a techno direction.

Which is roughly where he's been since. And the good news is that it's been all uphill from that point. His Cocoon night - both at The End and in its fourth season in Ibiza - is a byword for pure 2 a.m. funky techno madness. Not a million miles from his old chum Laurent Garnier, Vath's current style is top quality house, techno and electro. Expect him to party on until the boys arrive with truncheons and nerve gas to fuck everyone out. Just don't get to close too him or he might take his lad out.

Rear End Sven

Regular Clubbing

MONDAYS

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

1980s debauchery for waiters and anyone else with half an excuse for this kind of behaviour on a Monday. It's usually pretty enjoyable, and has been pulling large amounts of people for around eight years. Last review February 2003

SWITCH
JUSTIFIED €7/5

New night that we haven't been to yet. DJ is Alf who used to play in old gay rave club Shaft. Double vodka and Red Bull €8.50, selected pints €3.50, FCUK €3.50.

TUESDAYS

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

The same shit as always in RiRa - hip hop and soul mixed by Seamus Brennan. Last reviewed July 2002

SPY
SUN ZOOM SPARK €5 FREE B4 11.30

Stephen Gately once drunkenly did a karaoke in here, and that unfortunately is the most noteworthy thing that's happened at this passable singer-song writer evening. At least provides a change from the normal up-itself poser carry-on that takes place here. Last review March 2003

TBMC
CUBANISMO €5

Make of a fool of yourself trying to dance like a snazzy South American. Or turn up beforehand for the salsa classes (from 7pm-10.30pm.)

TIVOLI
FRIDGE LITE €8/7/5

Entertainment is based around brutal music and a mad gay strip show in this possibly defunct venue. Vodka and Red Bull €4. Last review March 2003

TRAFFIC
LA CADAVRE €6

Bizarre enough night that operates under the 'electro' tag, but you can expect to hear anything from shit hard techno to remixes of MC Hammer. DJing standards are similarly varied - from the brilliant to the clumsy and obvious. Up for it crowd though, so this is definitely not a bad option and could take off. Last review April 2003

WEDNESDAYS

COYOTE
MONKEY FUNK €5/2

'International student night' - without the international students. That was the crack when we were there anyway. They all went home at 2am apparently. We'll check again next month. Last review March 2003.

GEORGE
SPACE N VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM

Alternative cabaret from thundering queen Veda Beau Reves

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €5

If you've never been before, it may take a while to get over the crusties with their spastic dancing and into the stoned dub basslines. Go anyway - you will be rewarded for your perseverance. The Love Grocer visits on May 28th. Last review April 2003.

WEDNESDAYS
Continued

RED BOX
YOYO €5/ FREE BEFORE 11.30/ LADIES FREE BEFORE MIDNIGHT

Cheap drink here - so cheap that people pour it all over the dance-floor. Once you have become unstuck and avoided the flying elbows of yet another student asshole on Redbull, you'll notice the loud, relentlessly uptempo music. Not as bad as the Thursday muck here - not the connoisseur's choice either. Sidekicks €2.50, Miller/ Cashels €2.50, Vodka and Red Bull €6.40 Last review April 2003

RIRA
U-TURN €7

A-Ha are given the reigns for May in a desperate attempt to shake up the Ri Ra formula. Still likely to be soul, funk, blah blah

SWITCH
FUNKY KINGSTON €6

This brave attempt to take on Firehouse Skank in the Wednesday night reggae stakes doesn't seem to be going well. When we called in, there were about 10 people in the club, all of whom seemed confused by the fact that there was no pill music going on. Last review April 2003

TEMPLE THEATRE
MIA €7/5
FREE B4 12.15 W. GOLDCARD

Wildly popular night whose organisers assumes that the student clientele has no music taste whatsoever. They're right. (Good rnb with Frank Jez downstairs though.) All longnecks €3. Last reviewed October 2002

TRAFFIC
GRIDLOCK €6/5

DJs Brody and Gordon Maher ambitiously attempt to play 'hip-hop and funky jazz leading up to tech-house'. We'll be down next month to see how they manage to do this.

VIVA
MILK PLUS €4

Studenty sort of night with rock, hip-hop and funk apparently. Selected beer and alcopops €3 We still haven't been to it. Stella e3.50, socktails 5, 3 vodka ice e10

THURSDAYS

COYOTE
SPANK €5

A good honest-to-god Paddy night of rnb, with no-one able to dance and all the big hits from Jazz FM DJ Pure Silk. Last reviewed February 2003

GEORGE
SONGS FROM THE LAST CENTURY €8

Old songs in an old club. Incidentally, if there are any gay dudes out there who would like to review clubs for us, please email clubbing@theslate.ie. We keep getting our arses pinched at queer nights and it's a bit off-putting.

METROPOLITAN
ELECTRIC CITY €5

Good electro night in a nice sleazy venue with a crowd who are willing to take pills during the week, which is always a bonus. Guests this month include The Hacker (rescheduled to May 15th) and Transparent Sound with Billy Nasty on May 22nd. Last review April 2003

REDBOX
REVOLVER €7/5

A couple of car crashes would probably be more fun than this Red Bull fuelled orgy of student savagery. Shite music too. The usual Access All Areas waffle extends as far as the Choice Cuts boys in The Chocolate Bar. Cashels e2 pint, Heineken 3.50!. Dbl Vodka and Redbull e6.50 Last reviewed February 2003

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8

More RiRa funk, etc. Ian Rush on decks.

Giles Armstrong of Electricity

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €10/5

It would be handy if they could just put all these identical student nights (booze deals, shit music, etc.) into one large venue like the Point, and then let the great Chemical Ali go to work on the ventilation system. Last reviewed January 2003

SUGAR CLUB
REWIND €8

Fogeyish rock club except the last week of every month when an even more Luddite crew move in for a mod night called Mojo.

SWITCH
BAM BAM €7

As Power remains off the air, their club night keeps going. You can expect a reliable selection of mostly house from the station's roster of jocks, and with numbers there it's not a bad evening. Won't set the world on fire though. Last reviewed March 2003

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

Ailing guitar music disco in this school-hall style venue. The odd indie pensioner celeb is wheeled out to try and juice things up a bit. Last reviewed March 2003.

TIVOLI
DISCOBALL €7/6/5

Don't go near this student muck unless you've had the musical part of your brain amputated. All drinks €3. Last reviewed November 2002.

TRAFFIC
DIVERSION €8

Not a bad night for the benders, with a less ridiculous music policy than other Dublin queer options (having said that, one track asked punters "how long is your cock?/ is it 9 inches long?/ is it thick?"). Fairly dolled-up crowd too, with a lot of sleek Asian men for some reason. Worth checking out. Last review April 2003

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL €5

RnB from the entertaining Funkmaster Lee in this weird pub.

All club info to be sent to clubbing @theslate.ie

FRIDAYS

EAMONN DORANS
PHUNK DUP €11/10

Haven't been to this relocated techno night yet, but we're sure it's a disaster. Will possibly be more informed next month.

FRAZERS
TECHNO/SKA €6

What's the story with this? We don't have a fucking clue, but it sounds like it could be interesting. It seems that, unfortunately, the two musical styles in question don't take place on the same night. Review soon.

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

With the Tivoli on the ropes, this latiny club is back in the frame as one of the only places you can legally drink until 4am. Need on over-35s ID card to get in is the only problem. Last review November 2002

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €FREE

Sing-along indie club which has a predictable enought setlist of Primal Scream, Blur and all the rest. That's all the crowd wants to hear though and it works well enough. Last reviewed November 2002.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10/13 WHEN GUEST

Posy joint that has a wanky, downtempo music policy but might as well not bother. The clientel are more interested in checking themselves out in the toilet mirrors and taking cocaine.

Club Gossip

with Stabby McBitchfuck

A newly-engaged black techno DJ didn't seem to be taking his marriage vows too seriously on a recent visit to Dublin. When his gig ended, this gent hooked up with a local 17-year-old schoolgirl and took her back to his hotel where, according to a friend of her's, "both of them consumed several pills and then proceeded to shag like rabbits." The unlikely pairing were seen strolling around town shopping the next day.

Well done to the promoters of the recent Roni Size gig at the TBMC. Not only did they manage to put a picture of dnb DJ and producer Suv in their poster instead of Size and plaster it all over town, but they also proclaimed the diminutive Bristolian to be recording for Full Circle. This would be some feat as that is in fact a clothing label.

There appears to be something in the offing between Red Box boss Dracula Reynolds and Ri Ra man Eoin Foyle. It seems that Foyle and business partner Jay Bourke are going to be running Reynolds' poncy new Jazz Café whenever it opens.

Boggers nightclub the GPO has been flogged off to some lad who runs a biker bar. The Galway venue will be run as it is for the next six months apparently, after which the Hell's Angels will get busy on the interior décor and music policy. Former owner Kevin Healy (the man behind that clubbing.com rag) collected a tidy €3.5 million from the sale.

Dance-music veterans Decal are now a one-man project, as Dennis McNulty has left the fold. Apparently McNulty had lost interest in the dancefloor orientated material that Alan O'Boyle preferred, and has departed to pursue the more minimal direction that was evident on their recent 404 not found LP. The split is reported to be disappointingly amicable, so we've no juicier angle to take on the story.

Decal split

Any promoters looking for a night should contact Metropolitan. They are planning on opening seven days a week.

The Event Guide were obviously in generous humour last month, liberally letting one of Dublin's more flamboyant promoters write up an article about an act he was bringing over. Needless to say, the piece took a very positive view of the upcoming gig which, unfortunately, was a disaster anyway.

Lisa Lashes' recent gig in the Temple Theatre was brought to an abrupt end when the sound system cut out not once, but twice during her performance. Having dealt with the first breakdown in a distinctly sulky fashion, the second malfunction caused Lashes - famous for her set of ridiculous, fake-looking tits and her sets of ridiculous mindless music - to yank the needle off the record and storm off the stage near the 2am mark.

Local DJ Warren K - famous for his residency in the crazy Asylum nightclub and his early 90s-style ponytail - has sold out and got what one member of the techno community is describing as a 'Boyzone' haircut. Perhaps he'll be following in the footsteps of Richie Rock and auditioning for Louis Walshe's next band.

Which Dublin promoter got so worked up on Class As recently that he invaded his own dancefloor and covered the paying public in his sweat?

FRIDAYS

Continued

METROPOLITAN

HUSTLE €10

This Dadhouse night used to be run as a popular monthly event in the Shelter - attracting a crowd of 30-something former ravers who had mastered the art of taking pills without giving out any of the normal madoutofit signs. Unfortunately, it seems that this ancient clientele do not have the energy to go dancing more than once a month, and numbers here seem to be suffering a bit. Dr. Bob Jones visits on May 2nd. Last review April 2003

POD

HAM €10/8

Good gay friday night which has a settled, if not particularly exciting atmosphere. Tony Walsh, Shay Hannon and Hugh Scully take care of the music. Last review November 2002

REDBOX

FRIDAYS @ REDBOX €15

Nothing regular here since the departure of the 110th Street culchies back to Galway where they belong. Expect a new night featuring regular international guests next month

RIRA

RINKA €10

A couple of nights rotate in Rira's, probably the best being the hip hop orientated Choice Cuts, featuring DJ Scope and friends. A good bet for a Friday.

SPIRIT

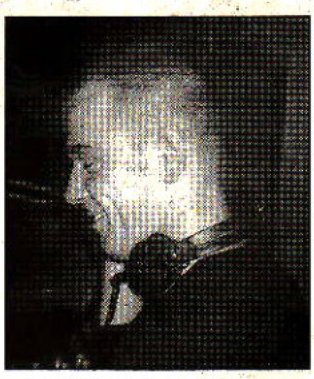
REVELATION €15

The owners claim that 'Spirit has wowed Dublin and international clubbers with their unique stage shows, astonishing music, and holistic centre for enlightenment through entertainment.' Reality - a tacky kip full of drunks don't care about anything except trying to pull and a dour music policy dictated by the management. Avoid. Last review February 2003.

SPY

BETTY FORD CLINIC €10/ FREE BEFORE 11.30

Music takes second place in Spy at the weekend as posers come in to preen about the place. Scott McNaughton and others DJ. Last reviewed October 2002.



SWITCH

DELUXE €12

Decent deep house in a skanky smelly venue, courtesty of Sean Scully (above), Padraig Disconaut and Jacqui. Some decent guests are lined up, including Fred Everything on May 9th Last reviewed March 2003.

TEMPLE THEATRE

RHYTHM CORPORATION €13/10

Probably the city's biggest rnb session, full of black men and white ladies getting it on. The music is a mix of the big, shitty commercial tunes and some more underground kind of stuff, and the crowd are well up for it. Last review April 2003

TEMPLE THEATRE (CRYPT)

BABY BROTHER €12/15 FOR GUESTS

More or less the last regular hard house night in Dublin, and it's not a pretty sight. A few of club culture's more fucked-up specimens jerk around the loosely populated dancefloor like arrhythmic gerbils. In charge is hard house/ rave legend Mark Kavannagh, who smiles benignly at the odd mongpig that wants to chat with him and occasionally waves his headphones around his head. Apart from that, though, he looks like anyone else would after doing the same job for 15 years. Last review April 2003

TRAFFIC

MODEL 1 €8

Definitely one of the best nights going on in Dublin at the moment. It's a nice small, dark

basement club with good areas for sitting down when you are too fucked to keep dancing. The best thing, though, is the music - a hypnotic mix of non-hammering techno which occasionally breaks out into great melodies or the odd bit of electro. May line up: 02 Simon Conway, 09 Detroit Grand Pubah, 16 Fionn Higgins and Jason O'Callaghan live, 23 Mark Clarke, 30 Mad Dog Last review April 2003

VOODOO
LO FAT €TBC

This quayside hip hop night is still attracting a reasonable crowd without necessarily setting the world on fire. Worth dropping in for a pint if you're in the locale.Death Disco, on the last Friday of the month, features rowdy rock and punk DJ-ing from professional cadaver BP Fallon usually with some fossil from the 70s guesting behind the decks Last review March 2002

SATURDAYS

THE BAR
BODYTONIC FREE/€8 FOR GUESTS

Downstairs works quite well here, it's a good place to have a few pints and the music is good - ranging from hip hop to electro to 80s shit. The upstairs room would be great except there's no bar there, so people tend to stay down. It's a pity, cause the Bodytonic DJs lash out quality jacking house.May highlights include a Blusoul Records night with Muggy and Spectrum is Green on the 10th and Brooks on the 31st Last review February 2003.

FRAZERS
DOMINION €6

Gothy gothy goth. Last review October 2002

GAIETY
LATE NIGHT CLUB €12

This night continues to be vaguely depressing - see Friday night's review.

ISAAC BUTT
PANIC €FREE

Successful indie night in an off-the-beaten-track venue. Grove nostalgia night is held once a month, an old kiddy disco which

Don Rosco of Bassbin

used to happen on the northside in the nineties. Give the Isaac Butt a ring for details. Last review October 2002

METROPOLITAN
REFUGE €10

After some uncertainty over the future of this night in Metropolitan, Refuge is staying here and thank fuck for that - this is a great drum and bass night, with the best DJs Dublin has to offer being on rotation. Numbers have been a bit up and down though, and it hasn't reached the glory days of Switch yet. May guests include Beta 2 on the 3rd May and Calibre on the 10th Last review February 2003.

POD/REDBOX
AAA €20/15 B4 11.30

Quality deep house in the Pod with residents Billy Scurry and Shane Johnson, and big-name guests in the Redbox. The access all areas arrangement is slightly chaotic, but works well. Check once off listings for more details. Last review Feb 2003.

RIRA
DOUBLE TROUBLE €10

Good if you're planning on going out, getting pissed and listening to hip hop, house and funk. Atmosphere is almost always good. Last review February 2003.

SPIRIT
PROPHESY €20

See Friday's review. Unpleasant.

SPY
CRASH €12/FREE BEFORE 11

Posy shit. Last review February 2003

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE €13

Hard techno when not played well is totally unlistenable, but you won't get that here. The selection of DJs who play are nearly all top-notch, and none are better than resident Joe McGrath who combines stechnical ability with a great feel for the dance-floor. Secret Cinema played a belting live set to a mad crowd last month. Well worth your while. May's guests include nordy Colin Shields on the 3rd and Sides veteran Pat Hyland on the 10th

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €20

Check out our once-off listings for more information on this hard house and trance meeting place for the maddest ravers in Dublin. Jay Pidgeon, Ken Tobin and DJ Orbit support mainly UK and Italian guests. Will include a pre club DJ session in The Cyrpt next month from 10.30 til 11.30. You'd wonder why they bothered for just the hour?

TIVOLI
INFLUX €16.90/20

Run of the mill house and techno fair is what you get here, with big name guests ranging from the vaguely credible (Medicine 8) to the decent (Andy Weatherall) end of the scale appearing regularly. Not a very nice place though - big and too bright. Check once off listings for more info.

TRAFFIC
54 MAS €10

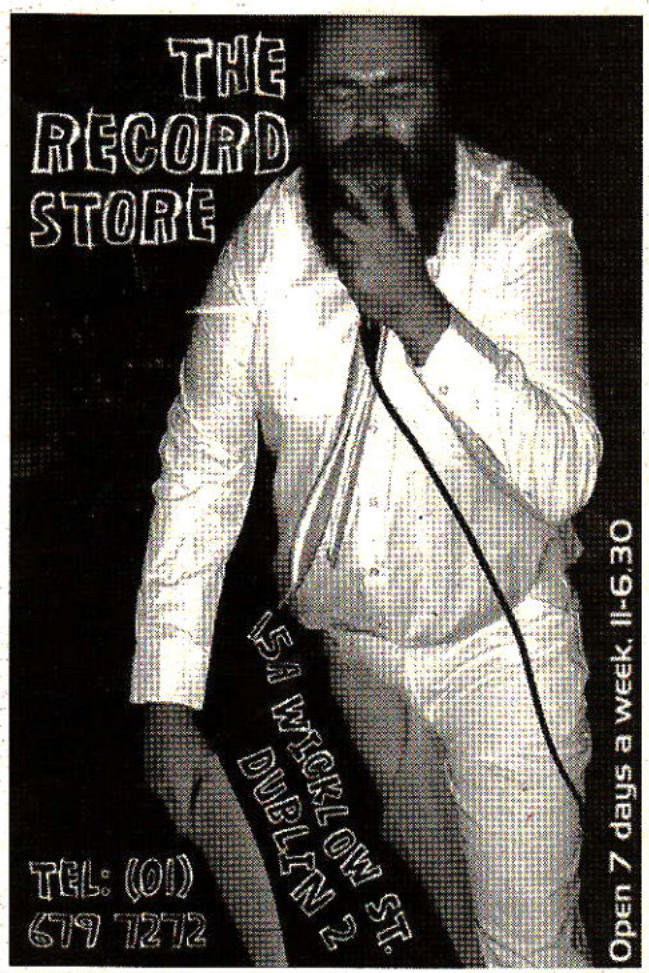
Cheesey house night from Ronan O and 2fm's Conor G. The crowds are going but none of them know anything about music - they might as well all be in Zanzibar listening to Christina Aguilera.

THE VAULTS
URBAN €10

Shit rnb night. Steer clear

VOODOO
SEVENTH HEAVEN €8

A night of unashamed wallowing in nostalgia with old skool house from Dean Sherry, Anto O'Brien and a whole crowd of lads we can't be bothered listing. Last reviewed April 03.



SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 W COMP, €8 AFTER

Rnb in a badly designed bar/club with Cork's Stevie G and others playing. Not bad, not amazing. Kiss 100's Firin' Squad play on the 4th Last reviewed: September 2002

THE GEORGE
BINGO SUNDAY €7 AFTER 10

Totally gay bingo session with Shirley Temple Bar from those National Lottery ads. DJ Fluffy plays after.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD 8PM-11.30PM €4

This is a great way to spend your Sunday evenings. It's held in a dark room where downbeat beardy types listen to lots of live outlandish music, but you'll find very little pretension here. A unique night, well worth checking out. May line up: 4th Zairiklee Playback; 11th Gregor; 18th Boxes; 25th Safe

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH €8/6 AFTER 11

Celebrating a year in action this month, this grew from nothing to being the best night left on a Sunday. It's house based musically, and while sometimes it can get a bit proggy, the crowd is always up for it. DJs Sean Hand, Tonie Walsh and Ed Poland feature and there's live sax and bongos.
Last review March 2003

TRAFFIC
NYLON €8

Eclectic Sunday night club in a decent, small dark space.

DJ Bar Listings

4 DAME LANE
DAME LANE, D2

Monday: Boogaloo (Gerry Molumbi downstairs)
Tuesday: Lizard Lounge (Eamonn Barratt Upstairs, Aoife Ni Canna downstairs)
Wednesday: Murandishi (Darragh Skelton upstairs, guests downstairs)
Thursday: No Name(DJ Alex and guests downstairs)
Friday: Darragh Skelton and Aoife Nic Canna downstairs
Saturday: DJ Nick upstairs, Gerry Molumbi downstairs
Sunday: No Name (JP Lynn upstairs, Dandelion downstairs)

THE BAR
THE LEGAL EAGLE, THE 4 COURTS

Thursday: Spin Cycle (eclectic)
Saturday: Bodytonic and Discotonic (deep house and disco with Tayto and guests)
Sunday: Open Decks night

BODKINS
BOLTON ST, D1

Wednesday: The Music Club (Singer/Songwriters)
Thursday: Cut 'n' Paste (scratch hip-hop)
Friday: Bleep (Decal and guests - electronica)
Saturday: Let Loose / Electrocuted (electro & techno)
Sunday: Easy listening Vinyl in assoc. with PhantomFM /Psychonavigation records. (Keith Downey and guests - Chill out)

THOMAS HOUSE
THOMAS ST., D8

Friday: Downstairs - Culture Clinic (Ram and Matt Lock - reggae), Upstairs - Studio B (dnb and dancehall with Bee)
Saturday: Monkey Tennis with Capsule upstairs alternate with Tiramisu (eclectic)

DICE BAR
BENBURB ST, D7

Fri: Hells Kitchen with Pete Pamf and Claire plus northern soul DJ from 5-9
Mon: Country Music
Tues: French hip-hop (DJ Charlie)
Sat: Promised Land with Poppie and guests
Sun: Reggae with DJ Ram
Thurs: Mr Soft and Daniel - (northern soul)
Wed: Singer-songwriter night

GRAYS
NEWMARKET SQUARE, THE COOMBE

Friday: Monkey Tennis/Dirty alternate.
Sunday: Snuggle (eclectic monthly night)

HANDEL'S
CHRISTCHURCH, D2

Tuesday: Joy (soul sister - classic soul jazz funk
Wednesday: Open Deck
Thursday: Rocky T Delgado (hip-hop, rnb)
Friday: Rohan (mixed bag) and Edisons Medicine
Saturday: Gordon Maher and Phil T Frog (funky house)
Sunday: Philter feat. Colin and Steve (deep grooves, soul, funk)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: House music
Saturday: Eddie Eustace and Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustace, Mr Moto and and whole load of other chaps (house-ish)

GUBU
CAPEL ST, D1

Tuesday: The Company (live jazz)
Wednesday: Busty's G-Spot (cabaret)
Thursday: The Craic House (comedy)
Friday: Kajagubu (Mark Kelly - 80's night)
Sunday: Jazz Action (Live jazz band from 5-7, 8pm Marion doing tarot readings)

HOGANS
GEORGES ST, D2

Friday: Nello Romano (house)
Saturday: Eddie Eustace & Dan (eclectic)
Sunday: Eddie Eustace & Nello and Mr Moto (house)

EXCISE
IFSC, D1

Sunday: Dave Cairns (Chillout)

ODEON
HARCOURT ST, D2

Sunday: Speakeasy (live band followed by Aoife Nic Canna)

MOLLOYS
CHRISTCHURCH

Tuesday: Alphabet Set (experimental, hip-hop)
Wednesday: Singer-songwriter night
Thursday: DJs Karla and Aoife
Friday: Babylon Club (dnb downstairs)
Saturday: Feedback: Gedge and Gint (house music) plus Alphabet Set, first of every month
Sunday: Acoustic Freedom (live bands)

SOLAS
WEXFORD ST, D2

Monday: Freestyle (Barstaff DJs - funk, hip-hop, soul, disco)
Tuesday: ENO (hip-hop, funk)
Wednesday: Aoife Nic Canna (rnb)
Thursday: Pete Panf (hip hop)
Friday: Fionn Davenport (funk, hip hop)
Saturday: Morgan (eclectic)
Sunday: Mark Kelly (funk)

VIVA
SOUTH WILLIAM ST, D2

Friday: DJ Steve (commercial)
Saturday: Ben Carvosso (house)
Sunday: Ben Carvosso/Miller (house)
Thursday: Dave Cairns and Aran Robson (house)

THE PROJECT ARTS CENTRE
ESSEX ST, D1

Friday: Jason O'Callaghan (soul, funk)
Saturday: Sean Scully and Padraig Disconaut (deep house)

ALL SPORTS
FLEET ST, D2

Saturday: Roadblock (commercial rnb with Tony D)
Sunday: Loungin' (rnb, soul with Tony D)

SPY
POWERSCOURT, D2

Wednesday: Slowly, Surely (Jason O'Callaghan, eclectic)
Thursday: Soul Patrol (Billy Scurry, Anthony Mooney, Nello Romano, Quilli, Mr Moto and guests, deep house)

METROPOLITAN
EDEN QUAY, D2

Sunday: Cotton Club (live jazz band followed by DJ)

Albums

MADONNA
AMERICAN LIFE
WARNERS

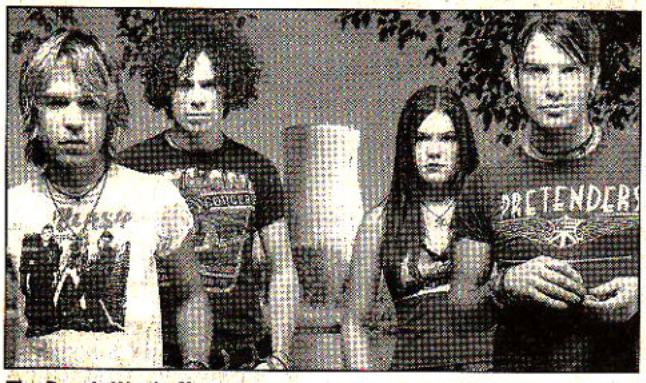
Apparently this is Madonna's most personal and honest album to date. We say bring back the insincere, sluttish version. American Life is a terribly uninteresting LP on a number of counts. Firstly, Madonna's rather patronising assertions about the perils of fame and the dangers of the Hollywood life sound totally unconvincing throughout. Secondly, she does some of the worst MCing ever committed to record. The sound of a 44-year-old millionaire woman rapping was probably never going to be good, but the results are so embarrassing you'd have to back Twink or Dana to come ahead of her in an MC battle. And finally, Mirwais is a producer who ran out of ideas well before he started the backing tracks for this disaster. His most ghastly habit is putting a vocoder on Madonna's voice, turning it from a quite annoying, nasal whine to a sound that would be suitable only for torturing prisoners of war.

THERAPY?
HIGH ANXIETY
SPITFIRE

The good news if you dropped out on Therapy? after Troublegum is that they've emerged more or less unscathed from the last ten years. Apart, that is, from ongoing drummer issues that have prompted Spinal Tap comparisons from even their own PR people. The single If It Kills Me is a fairly representative slice of what High Anxiety is about - "a slab of pure rock" that incorporates a lick from Come On Feel The Noize to keep it on the right side of portentous. Elsewhere, Who Knows is vintage Therapy? (right down to the erratic question mark usage) while Hey Satan - You Rock is exactly as good (or bad) as its title suggests. Only the sub-Queens Of The Stone Age stomp of Stand In Line badly misfires. Andy Cairns & Co.'s sixth album will exceed your expectations then - especially if you didn't even know that the band were still around.

GOLDFRAPP
BLACK CHERRY
MUTE

It used to seem that, with the right ugly fucker twiddling the knobs, Alison Goldfrapp's crystal-like voice could sound amazing. But this, her second collaboration with producer Will Gregory, shows that without someone like Orbital or Tricky at the mixing desk, she loses her edge. While Black Cherry has more balls than its frail predecessor, Felt Mountain, it still doesn't engage the listener. There's an icy shell around the album, and it's smothered in the same artificiality found on Beck's Midnite Vultures. Diversity in the influences (Prince, Blondie, 80s synth-pop) is all very well, but this album's over-produced nature means the tracks soon blur into each other, and will appeal only to assholes who bought Moby's Play.



The Dandy Wankoffs

THE DANDY WARHOLS
WELCOME TO THE MONKEYHOUSE
CAPITOL

The Dandy Warhols must be admired for their tenacious determination to completely avoid any kind of originality. Their pop-art referencing moniker, debauched image and hopelessly retro music are such a blatant copy of 60s and 70s psychedelia that even mentioning this seems like a waste of time. In Welcome to the Monkey House, they are loyally sticking by the same four chords they used on their first LP back in the mid 90s, but this time they add a few electronic sounds to the mix. However, they have gone to great time and expense to ensure that there is no real progress to be found here. Not only did they hire David Bowie's producer Tony Visconti to produce one of the songs, they are also using a banana that bears an uncanny to the famous Warhol-Velvets one in the promo for WTTMH. This is derivative, boring, shit music - don't bother your hole.

FALLACY
BLACKMARKET BOY
VIRGIN

For so long the laughing stock of the rap world (even the Frogs pissed all over them) the Brits finally seem to have got their act together. Rappers like Rodney P, Fallacy and Roots Manuva have used Anglo-Jamaican lingo and vocal rhythms to develop a naturally original style. This vocal trend is paralleled by production values which plunder ska, reggae, jungle and garage for samples, something the Yanks have largely failed to do. Having said all that - and accepting that Fallacy's rapping has an energy and precision which is rare in any kind of hip hop at the moment - this album contains too many filler tracks and is a let-down in the final analysis. In terms of lyrical content, it falls well short of, say, Roots Manuva by trading contentedly in the boring rap / rnb cliches of bitches and big money (lots of references to "diamond socks and Patrick Cox" from the self-styled 'Blackmarket Boy'). However, if you are interested in rap and fucked off with what's coming out of the US, this isn't a bad place to go. One track to watch out for in particular is the top class Rodney P collaboration Rap Folly.

PREFUSE 73
ONE WORD EXTINGUISHER
WARP

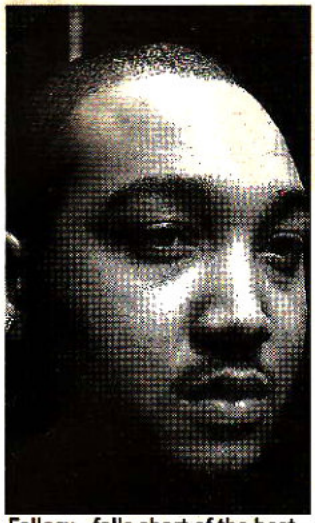
Warp Records have recently been accused of putting out little more than decent background music. There is certainly some truth in this, but what they produce is still at a higher standard than most. This latest album from Scott Herren, aka Prefuse 73 doesn't do much to disturb this analysis of the current state of the Sheffield label. It covers similar terrain to 2001's Vocal Studies and Uprock Narratives, with hip hop, jazz and funk being cut up with glitch electronica. A lot of ideas are on show, where sounds and short bursts of disconnected melody and rhythm occasionally drop in and out. Conventional vocals only feature on a couple of tracks, but they work well, particularly on Plastic. Overall the album is pleasant listening, although only a few tracks jump out at you, notably the aforementioned Plastic, The Color of Tempo and the title track.

TOMMY GUERRERO
SOUL FOOD TAQUERIA
Mo Wax

Given the artist's Hispanic surname, the album title and the label, you'd be forgiven for expecting a collection of jazzy latin grooves here. In fact, San Franciscan guitarist (and world-class skateboarder) Guerrero is highly influenced by Chicago post-rock (his band Jet Black Crayon toured with Isotope 217, and Tortoise's John Herndon gets a thank you in the liner notes). Although this album has its fair share of downtempo hip hop, a lot of it is driven by surprisingly muscular rock guitar. It's still mostly chill-out music, for sure, but a far more textured and interesting version than the aural wallpaper usually associated with that term.

FOG
ETHER TEETH
NINJA TUNES

The downtempo Ninja Tunes label is owned and run by Coldcut, who are also easily the best thing about it. Any Ninja



Fallacy - falls short of the best

product not bearing their name should be approached with extreme caution, wearing a SARS - Secondary Artist Releasing Shite - mask. Your prudence will be rewarded in spades when it comes to Ether Teeth, the second album by Andrew 'Fog' Broder. There isn't a song on it that hasn't been ruined by a pointless gimmick, be it a tempo change, some atonal scratching or an irritating locked sample. Every track except the vaguely charming The Girl From The Gum Commercial dies a horrible death. This album will probably be marketed as some kind of after-session Sunday morning soundtrack, but play it in anyone's gaff post club and you'll be met with hostile glares and an invitation to fuck off home.

AIM
MEANS OF PRODUCTION
GRAND CENTRAL

Manchester's Grand Central label has made its name by consistently putting out bland and unchallenging trip-hop, but even by those standards, this is a deadly dull compilation. A collection of boring singles from Andy Turner, AKA Aim, this unhappy album takes in his early period with the label - from 1995 to 1998 - and shows what happens when hip hop is drained of its grittiness and given a sheen of upscale urban sophistication. Attempts at humour (Original Stuntmaster, which samples Evel Kinevel) and menace (Demonique, which is like the Carmina Burana) only confirm suspicions that the whole project should have been aborted as soon as it was conceived. And a word of warning: Aim's post-1998 output is no better.

MISTY DIXON
ICED TO MODE
TWISTED NERVE

This collection of electro and acoustic pop is so chilled out it should come with an en suite jacuzzi and free continental breakfast. Vocal harmonies from singer-songwriter Jane Weaver and Paper Recording's Anna Greenwood provide the album's delicate backbone, illuminating high points like Are You Lost and an epic cover of Prince's The Beautiful Ones. The album is release on Badly Drawn Boy's Twisted Nerve label, and features contributions from Dave Tyack, label co-founder Andy Votel and members of Mum&Dad. Bearing in mind the collective's stated intention to evolve into a "free-for-all experimental commune" with members switching roles within the group, it is probably more accurate to see Misty Dixon as a Mancunian version of Glasgow's Snow Patrol. Even the twee and unseasonal finale La Chanson De Noel cannot spoil what is a good debut.

DAVE GAHAN
PAPER MONSTERS
MUTE

Twenty-three years after joining Depeche Mode, Dave Gahan finally releases his first solo album, and there's good and bad news. The good news is that his singing and songwriting are as good as ever. The bad news is that he's always been shite at both. The backing tracks (by Jon Collyer) sound like outtakes from Massive Attack's latest album, which is no compliment. Putting Gahan's monotone voice and astoundingly trite lyrics ("He's a king without a crown/ He wears it like a clown." Huh?) on top make this a truly shit listening experience.

M WARD
TRANSFIGURATION OF VINCENT
MATADOR

With admirers that include Giant Sand frontman Howe Gelb, M Ward could be written off as another worthy but unexciting alt.country bellyacher who only appeals to the worst kind of indie bores. But this blues-influenced album definitely has enough variance in it to keep things interesting. Many of the songs would sound appropriate in a spaghetti western, while others owe a lot to contemporaries like Grandaddy and Sparklehorse. Tracks like Vincent O'Brien and Outta My Head show his knack for a fantastic tune, and a version of Bowie's Let's Dance which ditches the original's camp 80s bluster and turns it into a strange, slow lament are just a few of the gems that make this album well worth a listen.

SMOG
SUPPER
DOMINO

Good songs were rare enough on Bill Callaghan, aka Smog's last release, Rain on Lens, with bitter bile taking the ascendancy. And after a single listen to this latest effort, it would be easy to write Callaghan off as an insufferable cunt who should be executed to save the world from his miserable moanings. But a little patience with Supper reveals Callaghan to be an expert songwriter. Throughout an 11-album career, he has used adept philosophical musing and witty asides to comment on anything from dying birds and prison guards to the all-too-frequent jilted lover. This marks a fine return to form..

MATT ELLIOTT,
THE MESS WE MADE
DOMINO

As the Third Eye Foundation, Matt Elliot made experimental and strangely emotive drum n bass. But there's barely a trace of drone or breakbeats on this album - which is a pity, because either would have made it more interesting. Most of the tracks consist of delicate piano, treated guitar and Elliott's barely-audible vocals, all of which meander around and never get to whatever point he's trying to make. The only song which generates any excitement at all is the title track, and then only for the minute or so where it goes d n b. Disappointing from an artist who's shown he can do better.

ATHLETE
VEHICLES AND ANIMALS
PARLOPHONE

Parlophone seem keen to present Athlete as the new Coldplay and, insofar as both bands sound about as dangerous as a walk in the countryside, the comparison is valid (this album makes Turin Brakes sound like Black Sabbath). The quartet claim some kind of kinship with Pavement, but the radio-friendly production here is so sanitised that even Stephen Malkmus himself - if for some reason he wanted to - would find it practically impossible to spot the connection. Their annoyingly quirky top 40 hit You Got The Style was actually inspired by the race riots in their native Deptford last year, and this fact may prompt a vain search for more hidden depth. Don't bother.

DEAD CAN DANCE
WAKE
4AD

Apart from Factory Records, the English independent scene was dominated by two labels throughout the 1980s and early 90s - Alan McGee's Creation and Ivo Russell Watts' 4AD. As well as having very well-known owners, both labels had a visionary Irishman as one of their key components - My Bloody Valentine's Kevin Shields on Creation and Brendan Perry of Dead Can Dance for 4AD. Shields' talent is widely recognised, but Perry - while no less critically acclaimed - has managed to escape the attention in Ireland that his outstanding catalogue of releases deserves. Along with Dead Can Dance partner Lisa Gerrard, Perry broke similar ground to Shields in his use of the vocal as no more than an element in the overall sound - interacting with everything else rather than dominating it in the traditional fashion. Although the two worked in very different areas, this aspect of their music has left an interesting legacy which can be seen in the likes of Radiohead today.
This collection covers all the bases, from their 80s John Rivers-produced albums to the increasingly multi cultural sound of their 90s output (represented by tracks from Into the Labyrinth, Toward the Within and Spiritchaser). As with most 'Best Ofs' it is worth checking out the tracks in their original album contexts to get the full flavour, but Wake should stand as a testament to the range of vocal possibility and significance opened up by Dead Can Dance.

Have you an album to be reviewed? Let us know at gigs@theslate.ie

Cinema

An alien murderer from Dreamcatcher

HOPE SPRINGS

DIRECTOR: MARK HERMAN
STARRING: COLIN FIRTH, HEATHER GRAHAM

In the 20-odd years since John Cleese stammered and cringed his way through A Fish Called Wanda, the film industry has got great mileage from movie versions of the Repressed Englishman. The fact that most of the mileage has been lashed out of Hugh Grant's hole might soon be challenged by another professional Sassanach, Colin Firth. In Hope Springs he plays Colin, a typical tight-arse who has been jilted by his monumental bitch of a fiancée, Vera. Upon touching down in Hope Springs - America's equivalent of Ballinasloe - he is cheered up by Mandy (Heather Graham), a lonely, quirky girl who works in the local old folks home. Although not completely disastrous, this film is aimed squarely at desperate thirty something women who will no doubt stuff their faces with Pringles and ice cream throughout, while waiting for Firth to take his clothes off.

WELCOME TO COLLINWOOD

DIRECTORS: JOE AND ANTHONY RUSSO
STARRING: WILLIAM H. MACY, GEORGE CLOONEY, JENNIFER ESPOSITO

After the twin shits of Solaris and Confessions Of A Dangerous Mind, George Clooney has wisely stopped pretending to be a director and gone back to acting. Taking this role (in a low key, indie-style heist film) is possibly a reaction to those two big budget atrocities. Note the phrase indie-style though because, in reality, Welcome To Collinwood is about as indie as Louis Walsh singing Abba cover versions. It's distributed by Warners and is heavily funded by both Steve Soderbergh and Clooney himself. In a kind of Reservoir Dogs vein, the emphasis is on dialogue, character and general smartarsery. As such it's an enjoyable movie with a good few laughs, but ultimately forgettable. Like pretty much everything starring William H. Macy.

DARKNESS FALLS

DIRECTOR: JOHNATHAN LEIBSMAN
STARRING: EMMA CAULFIELD, CHANEY KLEY, LEE CORMIE

After using every knackered trick in the horror book, this film ends up relying on loud noises to keep you interested. It starts with a young lad called Michael who is being pestered by the ghost of a mad spinster. Enter Kyle, who's had the same problem for 12 years. Kyle's difficulties are deeper though - as a kid, the same ghost killed his mother. Everyone thought it was him, and after spending most of his adult life in a home for mentallers, he is now on anti-psychotics. Even worse - he listens to fucking shite grunge music all the time. Naturally it falls to Kyle to sort this troublesome old bird out and win back his childhood sweetheart who understandably did a runner upon hearing he killed his mother. Very humdrum altogether.

I CAPTURE THE CASTLE

DIRECTOR: TIM FYWELL
STARRING: ROMOLA GARAI, BILL NIGHY, HENRY THOMAS, SINEAD CUSACK

Just when you thought it was safe to go back to the cinema, the Brits pull another 1930s drawing room drama out of their back catalogue. It's about an eccentric upper class family who have fallen on hard times - so hard they have to live in a castle. To ease this penury, the two daughters try and get their holes with a pair of wealthy American beefcakes from down the road - played by Elliot out of ET (Henry Thomas) and the jock guy from Buffy (Bill Nighy). Obviously, after the usual romantic misunderstandings in various boudoirs, we are treated to a family love triangle involving the sisters and Elliot that ends up in tears. Apparently, it's an adaptation of a book by Dodie Smith. You'd wonder why they bothered.

HEARTLANDS

DIRECTOR: DAMIEN O'DONNELL
STARRING: MICHAEL SHEEN, MARK ADDY, CELIA IMRY

The Brits have a well-known monopoly on drab, depressing shit like darts, hot pies, grubby boozers and middle-aged comedians. Although this film exploits all that fully, its aim is to create a sympathetic portrait of England rather than make us flee the cinema and throw ourselves in the Liffey. Colin is a hopeless fucker whose wife Sandra is cheating on him with Geoff, the captain of his darts team. As if this wasn't enough, Geoff kicks him off the team on the eve of their final match in glamorous Blackpool. Colin gets on his Honda 50 and phut-phuts up the motorway after them to reclaim his wife and his dignity. Somehow, out of all the parochial ugliness, an enjoyable film emerges which definitely ranks up there as one of the better British films of recent times. If you feel up to seeing Eric Bristow more than once in 90 minutes, this is highly recommended.

The look of a man who has just spilled bitter all over his meat pie

Games

METROID PRIME
GAMECUBE (CURRENTLY ON RELEASE)

Do you like to fling bags of grenades about while firing like an idiot drone at anything that moves? Then this latest addition to the Metroid franchise should piss on your chips. You play Samus Aran, who's like Mary Harney except more heavily armed and female. And you can roll into a veiny ball to squeeze into tight spaces. Metroid Prime goes like this: explore, admire lush visuals, kill robot lice, find power-up, detonate gigantic boss, have a cup of tea to calm yourself down. Recommended.

SHENMUE 2
XBOX (CURRENTLY ON RELEASE)

It's Hong Kong, 1987, and you step off a boat into a role-playing sprawl with turgid scripting and too many cut scenes. Within about five minutes you will be insane with frustration. "Would you like to hear a song?" "Would you like to buy this trinket?" "Would you like to follow me?" No, fuck you. Unless you're a hardcore RPG fan there's more fun to be had chopping bits of skin off your elbow. The first Shenmue, released on the Sega Dreamcast, was a cult classic. As a result, this will probably be a big wheeze, but it's probably the obsessive Japs who'll be most interested.

PRIMAL
PS2 (CURRENTLY ON RELEASE)

As Jen, a riot grrl version of Lara Croft, you are tasked with balancing order and chaos. Apart from that, your main chore is to stay awake during this interdimensional romp, inhabited by apes, man-dogs, tribesmen and

What the fuck is this picture?

bad quality rock music. Every move is scrutinised by Scree, a four-foot gargoyle version of Magnus Magnusson. Great visuals & environments (the best yet on the PS2) are sadly let down by a poor fighting and control system and some frustrating 'puzzles'. Probably too much gear smoked when concept was created, implemented.

THE SIMS
PS2, XBOX, GC (CURRENTLY ON RELEASE)

Thanks to Ireland being home to the world's greediest builders, this game is probably the closest that readers of The Slate will get to a mortgage in the next ten years. In the most successful life substitute ever, you control a person with a house, a career and friends they cherish (also probably on the wishlist for readers of our anti-social mag). You can improve yourself through solitary games of chess and midnight weight-lifting sessions, while your housemate pisses himself, the TV gets stolen and the kitchen burns down. All the joys of modern living in other words. A quality play as ever.

KUNG FU CHAOS
XBOX (CURRENTLY ON RELEASE)

Nowadays you'll have to go to a Bray Wanderers match for an experience like this. But there was an era when most videogames followed the format on offer here - punches, kicks, taunts, headbutts, the lot. Pick from a range of cartoon imbeciles and then paste the shit out of everything on the screen, to the demands of an unfunny director making a Kung Fu movie. This 70s-influenced release is original, entertaining and instantly playable, with chunky visuals and satisfying controls.

DEAD OR ALIVE XTREME BEACH VOLLEYBALL
XBOX (CURRENTLY ON RELEASE)

Here's one for all you lady gamers. DOAX is all about perfectly rendered tits (not to mention pubis mons) bouncing around as their owners stretch for the next ball. It comes with an innovative control system which allows you to volley the ball using just one hand, freeing up the other for some frantic masturbation. It's not all Xtreme wanking though - there's a romantic touch which allows players to buy flowers for their girl's hair after winning a game.

007 NIGHTFIRE
PS2 (CURRENTLY ON RELEASE)

This disappointing addition to an excellent franchise has for some reason been hanging around the top titles list for ages. The strangely limp single-player is inferior to a number of others out there, and the much touted multiplayer is shat on by the likes of TimeSplitters 2. There's no bit where you get to bang a hot Russian spy either, which is highly unrealistic seeing as everyone knows how much they used to put it about during the Cold War.

TAO FENG: FIST OF THE LOTUS
XBOX (RELEASED MAY 9TH)

If you're into a mindless slugfest, this is probably the best fix (apart from that website with the movies of homeless lads fighting for booze). It's a snappy one-on-one fighting release from the makers of the famous Mortal Kombat games. Various characters are chosen to scrap it out in vaguely oriental settings, with a seriously impressive graphics engine employed in modelling realistic bruising, limb damage, cuts, grazes, sores, and improbable rippling of chests. Other than that though, it's more of the same.

THE HUNT FOR EVIL

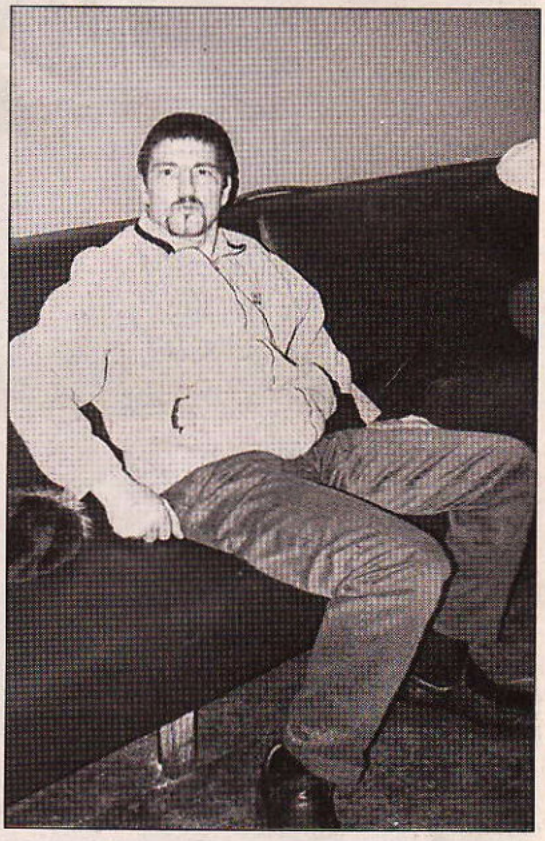
They still haven't found Saddam Hussein but you can try by going to www.questforhussein.com and downloading a version of Doom with loads of Iraqis in it. The headbanger who made that was also responsible for Hunt for Osama - the Quest for Al'Qaeda. You can get it at http://quest.shorturl.com. If you are some kind of peacenik who doesn't like killing ragheads, try a different sort of wargame: Special Force. You play a Hizbollah fanatic, and go around slaughtering American and Israeli soldiers instead. According to their website (www.specialforce.net), "the game includes all that an anxious persons dream of in order to face the Zionist enemy".

And finally, if you were at MegaLan in the RDS or heard about this event, or if you know what a LAN is, punch yourself in the face.

Two more Special Olympians arrive in Dublin

Matthias suddenly realised he was wearing far too tight underpants for a person of the male gender

While Dale and Winston successfully romanced their new girlfriends, Anthony was distressed at how funny his date found his premature ejaculation problem



Daniel is told that for the last hour and a half he has been sitting on a piss-soaked seat

Simon kicks back after winning the Pod's new fart contest